



MUSICAL AMERICA

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DEEMS TAYLOR, *Editor*
HOLLISTER NOBLE, *Managing Editor*

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M O L T E R



*“Wins
and
Holds”*

NEW YORK
and
BOSTON

Isabel Richardson Molter—*Dramatic Soprano*

Recital at Guild Theatre, New York,
January 13, 1929

THE NEW YORK TIMES says:

“She was especially effective in her use of the mezzo-voce, which was displayed with charming effect in her singing of Brahms’ ‘Wiegenlied’ and Grieg’s ‘A Dream’ and ‘A Swan.’”

NEW YORK AMERICAN says:

“It was artistically gratifying to hear Mozart’s music sung with such facility and fluence and the further revelation of the style and polish so essential to that composer.”—GRENA BENNETT.

THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE says:

“Molter proved to be an intelligent, expressive artist, showing that she could appreciate the moods of her songs and set forth shades of feeling. She was excellent.”

Recital at Jordan Hall, Boston,
January 10, 1929

Philip Hale, BOSTON HERALD, says:

“... she can be dramatic without sacrificing to beauty of phrase; she can move her hearers by a subtle, sustained appeal.”

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT says:

“... tones were round, full-bodied.” “... variety of expression she does command is notable.” N. M. J.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR says:

“She makes her conception of a song clear to her audience in large measure because she herself seems to understand exactly what she purposes doing.” C. S. B.



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(Mme. Molter uses Mason & Hamlin Piano)



ON page forty-one of this issue MUSICAL AMERICA takes pleasure in presenting to its readers Thomas Compton, who will hereafter guide the destinies of our "The Better Records" department. Mr. Compton—who is, by the way, a cousin of Compton Mackenzie, the novelist—served his apprenticeship as a record enthusiast during the fifteen years he spent in the British army, "Where," as he says, "gramophone records were all the music we could count upon having." His knowledge of the mechanical side of sound-recording is as expert as his knowledge of music is far-reaching. He has contributed to "Punch" and other British and American periodicals, and has been a music critic of the Manchester Guardian. Mr. Compton's opinions on records and music in general are as unhackneyed as his method of expressing them is entertaining. If you like him as much as we do, we shall all be happy.

VERNE PORTER

President





.... "A dramatic soprano who had a magnificent voice of overwhelming power and brilliancy and whose temperament was a strange compound of lofty dignity and tumultuous passion"

—See page 10

How Good Were the Good Old Days?

SOME MUSICAL LUMINARIES OF THE PAST COMPARED WITH
THOSE OF THE PRESENT

By W. J. Henderson

THE editor of MUSICAL AMERICA has asked the writer to answer some pertinent questions. He wishes to know whether musical artists were actually better thirty years or more ago than they are now or whether the memories of venerable men are delightful delusions. He inquires first about singers and opera. The answer is easy. There have been periods when the opera was better in respect of singing and others when it was not. I do not recall any when the voice batting average was worse. The golden age of Maurice Grau has never returned. There is no reason why it ever should. The opera going public of today is getting precisely what it deserves, and if the great company of Grau were brought back to the Metropolitan to-morrow, most of the people who sit in the orchestra stalls would not know that Melba was any better than Grace Moore or Jean de Reszke than Frederick Jagel.

Since the world war an entirely new generation of opera goers has arisen. Some of these persons are old, but did not acquire wealth till the universal upheaval. Others are young and began to go to opera after the astute Gatti-Casazza perceived that a nebulous cloud of mediocrities with a few stars in its center would suffice to constitute a New York opera company. These young persons do not know and cannot be made to know that there ever was any other kind of singing than that of Lauri-Volpi and Jeritza; and if they heard the highest type of vocal art, they would not like it because it would not make sufficient whoopee for their taste.

They do hear some admirable singing, but they do not know the artistic distinction between it and the vociferous bawlings which elicit raucous cheers from the upright connoisseurs behind the orchestra rail. A society of teachers of singing recently issued a manifesto to the effect that Elisabeth Rethberg is a perfect singer. This is a discovery more significant than that of the North Pole. Every one was convinced that the pole was there even before Peary saw it; but those of us who have read all that has been written about the great singers of the past and have heard all those of our own time have been certain that there never was a perfect singer. Now we know we were mis-

taken. Still some of us are so tone deaf that at times we find something not quite right with Mme. Rethberg's exceptionally beautiful art. But if I am asked whether this lady could have been a member of the great Grau company of the nineties, I answer without hesitation she could and a welcome one, too, but not one of the three or four foremost singers. She has not the voice nor the technic of a Melba, the supreme delicacy and charm of style, the subtle shades of interpretation of a Sembrich, the ethereal elegance and cool vocal poise of an Eames, the penetrating intelligence and extraordinary versatility of a Nordica nor the sweep of vocal color and dramatic intensity of a Calvé.

Consider for a moment the repertoires of these people. Calvé was the greatest Santuzza ever heard here, as well as the incomparable Carmen, but she was also unrivalled as Marguerite in "Faust" and Ophelie in "Hamlet." She sang Santuzza with the tragically dark tones of a dramatic soprano and Marguerite's early scenes with the voice of an ingenue. And she delivered the colorature measures of Ambroise Thomas's mad scene in a manner that would make Marion Talley seem a defective mechanical doll. No one has come to fill the places of the leading sopranos of the Grau

company. Mme. Rethberg, however, would have been able to maintain a position of importance even among those singers because of the sheer beauty of her voice and the general excellence of her art. There is another soprano now at the Metropolitan who would not have been lost in those days and in the humble opinion of this observer she is the best singer in the entire force. Her name is Lucrezia Bori, who often reminds me of Emma Eames at her best and quite as often rises to dramatic heights which recall Nordica in her Italian roles.

THERE was only one Jean de Reszke. There has been only one tenor who could sing well Romeo and both Siegfrieds, Faust and Tristan, Rhadames and the Chevalier des Grieux, Lohengrin and Raoul. Lawrence Gilman declared that the elder Siegfried had been dead to New York since he retired. There has not been even a ghost of

Spring Chant

*Brief as a bird song,
The curved wind over the
cloudy grass,
The dancing mists of grass,
Tops moving, shaking . . .
A stir, a sound, a delicious
glimpse of her . . .
Of Summer waking!*

—Mary Kennedy

Lohengrin. The Romeos have been commendable, but far from irresistible; Jean de Reszke used to set the women wild. As for his Tristan, the mightiest of all Isoldes, Lilli Lehmann, regarded him as her most glorious comrade in Wagner's love tragedy. I have said nothing thus far about Mme. Lehmann because her zenith was reached before she became a member of the Grau company. She



"He used to set the women wild. . . ."

was one of the two dazzling lights of the German regime when Stanton was the manager and Seidl and Walter Damrosch the conductors. Mme. Lehmann was a dramatic soprano who had a magnificent voice of overwhelming power and brilliancy and whose temperament was a strange compound of lofty dignity and tumultuous passion. When she raged she did it like a queen. She had a defective attack, but otherwise her technic was of the first order. She had the solid groundwork of the old school and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to sing florid roles. I heard her sing Filina at the Metropolitan and that barnstorming actress became a grande dame with aristocratic lace garments of colorature. As all three Bruennhildes, Venus, Valentin in "Les Huguenots," Sulamith in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" and some similar parts she was first of all the singers of my time.

In that same old German company Emil Fischer, bass, was a genuinely great vocal artist. His Hans Sachs has never been equalled here. He was a consummate master of the lied and oratorio. There was a baritone named Adolf Robinson who except for a fondness for sentimentalizing was a good singer. Marianne Brandt, who is a traditional figure (she was one of the original Kundrys) was technically a defective singer, but had much dramatic force and intelligence. She would be called a great singer, I am sure, among the present company. Heinrich Vogel, Wagner's original Loge, came over for one season. He was an old man, but what an artist! He knew how to sing musically. But he would not astonish the contemporary opera goer because he was not a loud singer.

Every one has heard of Niemann who was the Metropolitan's first Tristan. He, too, was an old man when he came here and he could have been a master of vocal technic. But as a singing tragedian he was a tremendous force. Pol Plançon of the Grau company could have taught him the very rudiments of singing, for of technic Plançon was a past master. But if Plançon could have sunk King Mark to Niemann's Tristan, we should all have contented ourselves with the comment that his majesty was a perfect gentleman. Plançon as St. Bris in "Les Huguenots," Capulet in "Romeo et Juliette," or the elder Des Grieux was the beau ideal of operatic elegance of style and action.

Backward yet once more to famous stars of the Metropolitan's first season. For me the luminary of the first magnitude was Italo Campanini, who lacked things possessed by Caruso on the one hand and de Reszke on the other. Caruso had the most splendid tenor voice I ever heard. It was far more beautiful than Tamagno's, which Maurel called the "*voix unique du monde*." Campanini

had no such voice as either, nor had he a tithe of the artistic sensibility and intellectual grasp of de Reszke, but he had strong dramatic instincts and a remarkable skill in the use of contrast between full and *mezza voce*. He adored Salvini and was second only to Tamagno as Otello, and only to de Reszke as Faust. He sang a glowing Rhadames and a finely polished Don Ottavio. He was the best Don José the local stage has known. His Edgardo made a vital tragedy of "Lucia;" his fateful appearance in the archway in the contract scene was something never to be forgotten.

Christine Nilsson was in that



"The best Don José the local stage has known . . ."

"cool vocal poise . . . Bori is like her at her best."



company. She would not put out the light of Rosa Ponselle. She was a singer of high rank, indeed, but her fame rests largely on legendary accounts. Mme. Rethberg is quite as good a singer as Nilsson, but has not her command of the tricks of the stage. Stagno, who was a principal tenor in the first Metropolitan company, would not be accepted as a star today; he was not then. Old Mme. Lablache said to me one day: "Abbey pays Stagno 9000 francs a month. And for *such* a tenor." One cannot print the accent with which she uttered that word "such."

A separate paragraph for Adelina Patti, who was not in that company, but of that period. The voice was of the most flute-like character, soft, yet vibrant and far-reaching, voluptuous, yet chaste, "as if somehow a rose might be a throat." (Sidney Lanier). Her forte was comedy: her Rosina has not been rivalled. Her Semiramide was a glittering maze of vocal beauties. Her Violetta was flawless and unmoving. Her Juliette was to be admired, but not adored. She sang like a lark, but not like a tragedienne. She was one of the great singers of all time—as a singer, not as a dramatic force. There has been in my time only one Patti.

It is not essential to make an exhaustive catalogue of all the singers of those times. Pauline Lucca, Etelka Gerster, Amalia Materna, Annie Louise Cary, unmatched contralto, di Murska, the bewildering colorature soprano, the sweet company of charming concert artists who shed their kindly light over ponderous cantatas and dull oratorios and the few recital singers who, like Max Heinrich, have left immemorial traditions behind them. The significant fact is that the gen-

eral level of vocal art was far higher in 1900 than it is now and that the descent of the standard began when the first manifestations of world unrest disclosed themselves. To be an exciting singer one does not need to be a good one, but must surely be a loud one. The big tone and the strident style were not highly esteemed in the eighties nor even in the nineties, when the refined

"The beautiful ideal of operatic elegance."



methods of the de Reszkes and Sembrichs and Nordicas set the fashion. But we have apparently done with all that and are likely to stay done with it till youth discovers that life is not made of jazz, that music is not made by the percussion departments, and that singing is an art of beauty and finish, not of din and riot.

WHEN it comes to a retrospective view of instrumental performers the task is easy. The number of eminent and justly celebrated virtuosi of the piano and the violin is larger to-day than it was thirty-five or forty years ago. Technical standards are undoubtedly higher. Interpretation was what gave most of the pianists of those times their distinction. Some who were looked upon with feelings almost of awe would now be heard with equanimity. True, no one has come to take the place of Rubinstein, whose magnificent temperamental force and irresistible proclamations of authority made him in his day a dispenser of law. He did not play the piano as accurately or as brilliantly as Horowitz; but Horowitz would undoubtedly sound very young after one hearing of Rubinstein.

Let us not forget that the fine old veteran Rosenthal is still with us and that we have Paderewski, Bauer, Gabrilowitsch, Hofmann, Novaes, Samuel, Gieseking and all the rest of the string. Even Teresa Carreno would not shine quite so blazingly in these days as she did in the seventies. She was a superb woman and performed with the virtuosity of a storm bred Valkyr. But the

(Continued on page 56)



"In this year of grace he might be called a second rate conductor. . ."

"The incomparable Carmen . . . was also unrivalled as Margherite in 'Faust'!"



Nicolai Murray

THE PROTEAN PHENOMENON OF THE OPERA

FLORENCE EASTON, Metropolitan Opera soprano, is distinguished for many things; chief among them the fact that she has eighty roles at her tongue's end, and can—and does—sing them at a few hours' notice. This year Miss Easton added to her repertoire Anita's

role in Mr. Gatti-Casazza's most anticipated premiere—"Jonny Spielt Auf." Two years ago she created the soprano role in "The King's Henchman," and before that was the first American Elisabeth in the operatic version of Liszt's oratorio, "Legende von der heiligen Elisabeth."

A MAN died last month in Nashua, New Hampshire. He had begun life there as a salesman in a shoe store, but he did not end it as the millionaire president of a shoe company. For he became a musician, and so never even saw a million dollars. In the intervals of the shoe business he studied singing, and musical theory, and sang in church choirs, and led them. One day he was offered the job of supervisor of music in the Nashua public schools, and took it. Later, they offered him the conductorship of the Nashua Oratorio Society. He accepted that, too, and held both positions for the rest of his life*. His name was Eusebius Godfroy Hood, and he was what would be called, I suppose, a nut about music. He organized a high school chorus, buying and renting most of the music for it out of his own pocket. He organized annual musical festivals, planned the programs, coaxed the soloists into coming, sold tickets, bullied subscribers, rehearsed the chorus and orchestra, conducted the concerts—and then begged the money to make up the inevitable deficits. His reputation as a conductor and organizer became more than local. He was invited to conduct choruses in Lowell, Manchester, and Lawrence; and did. He helped to organize and conduct the MacDowell Festivals at Peterboro. The fame of his Nashua chorus spread. It sang notoriously difficult programs, and sang them well. Singers and instrumentalists, many of them of nation-wide reputation, got into the habit of going up to Nashua once a year to sing or play with Zeb Hood's chorus. As fees, they took what he could afford to pay. Eventually he attracted the attention of the "big-town" scouts. They offered him more money, bigger choruses, larger fields of action. He always refused. He chose to stick to his home town, and the school-children of his home town. There, he thought, his duty lay. Just how great was the good he accomplished, just how much his community owes him for having made existence fuller and more interesting, just what the children of Nashua, particularly, owe him, no one can exactly say. He himself would have said, "Nothing." I call your attention to Zeb Hood, and what he did with his life. He was important. Men like him are always important. It is they who have determined what music has come to mean in American life, and who will determine what it shall mean in the future.

DEEMS TAYLOR.

**See page 39*

THE CASE OF THE LIBRETTO

A EUTERPEAN EQUATION WHEREIN X EQUALS OPERA

By Hiram Motherwell

AN OPERA libretto, Percy MacKaye once remarked apropos of his "Canterbury Pilgrims," is by derivation a "little book," but ought to be a poem. Others innumerable have said that it ought to be a drama. A recent American opera libretto has been praised both as poem and as drama. But I should like to suggest that a good libretto should be neither a poem nor a drama, but something quite distinct from either. Surely one reason why we have so many unsatisfactory operas is that we have so many unsatisfactory librettos. And the reason for this is that nearly all librettos try to be poetic or dramatic, but few try to be—may I coin the word?—librettic.

Wagner insisted that opera should be music-drama—that is, drama interpreted and heightened in music. But he, at least, took it for granted that the music must interpret the inner meaning and provide the emotional motive power for the action. If he had not so interpreted and motivated his dramas, they would today be documents of merely antiquarian interest. Herr Doktor Geheimrat Schmidt would today be digging them out of the archives of the Koenigliche-Kaiserliche-Republikanische Bibliothek in Vienna and publishing them with critical notes in a limited edition for the Gelehrte.

Obviously, a good libretto must be in the broad sense dramatic and poetic. But the reason for its existence is that it is going to be set to music.

Now why set it to music unless music can say something on the subject which the libretto by itself does not say? If it is a good drama it tells its own story. If it is a good poem it makes its own music. If it has done its own job well, then any music added to it is at best redundancy, at worst trivialization.

Indeed, a libretto which in itself is good, is bad. If it is satisfactory on the printed page, then it has left nothing for the music to do, and is therefore inadequate to its purpose. A libretto is part of a music drama,—that is, of a drama which is to be expressed in terms of music. If it fully expresses itself in its own terms, then it is not a music-drama, but a drama, and ought to be produced by Arthur Hopkins (or, if you prefer, by Stanslavsky) with Alexander Moissi and Ethel Barrymore in the leading parts. But if it is part of a music-drama, then it belongs to the music as my head belongs to me. You may cut it off from the music, just as you may cut my head off from the rest of me, but what is left is not of much use to anyone. A libretto is half of a music-drama; but it is an incomplete half which has no artistic existence except as it gives music the opportunity to say what it has left unsaid.

For music can say things which speech and dramatic action cannot say. That is the justification of opera. Voltaire, referring to the opera which Gluck tried to drive out of business, remarked that what is too silly to be said can be sung. But it is also true that

what is too intense, too passionate, too subtle or too god-like to be said can be sung. And also, what is too obscene.

Take the last as an extreme case of what I mean. In the final scene of "Salome" the heroine is saying things about love and death which are as unthinkable as an Anglo-American war. She dare not say them in words, for the simple reason that the show would certainly be stopped by the police. But beyond the medium of hard, physical dictionary-verifiable words there is the medium of music which expresses her emotions with far greater eloquence. Strauss' music begins to function at the precise point where, because of the police regulations, words cease to function.

Now this, for other reasons, is what happens in all good operas. The music tells the real story; the libretto—the words and the action—merely provide the setting. "How can I get it across" moans the libretto. "I will get it across for you," replies the music. And the puzzled mind of the auditor, which has been attending to the words and studying the action, suddenly is lulled into gentle sleep, and instead something else in him (well, let's call it the soul) leaps to the sound of the music and exclaims: "Now at last I understand."

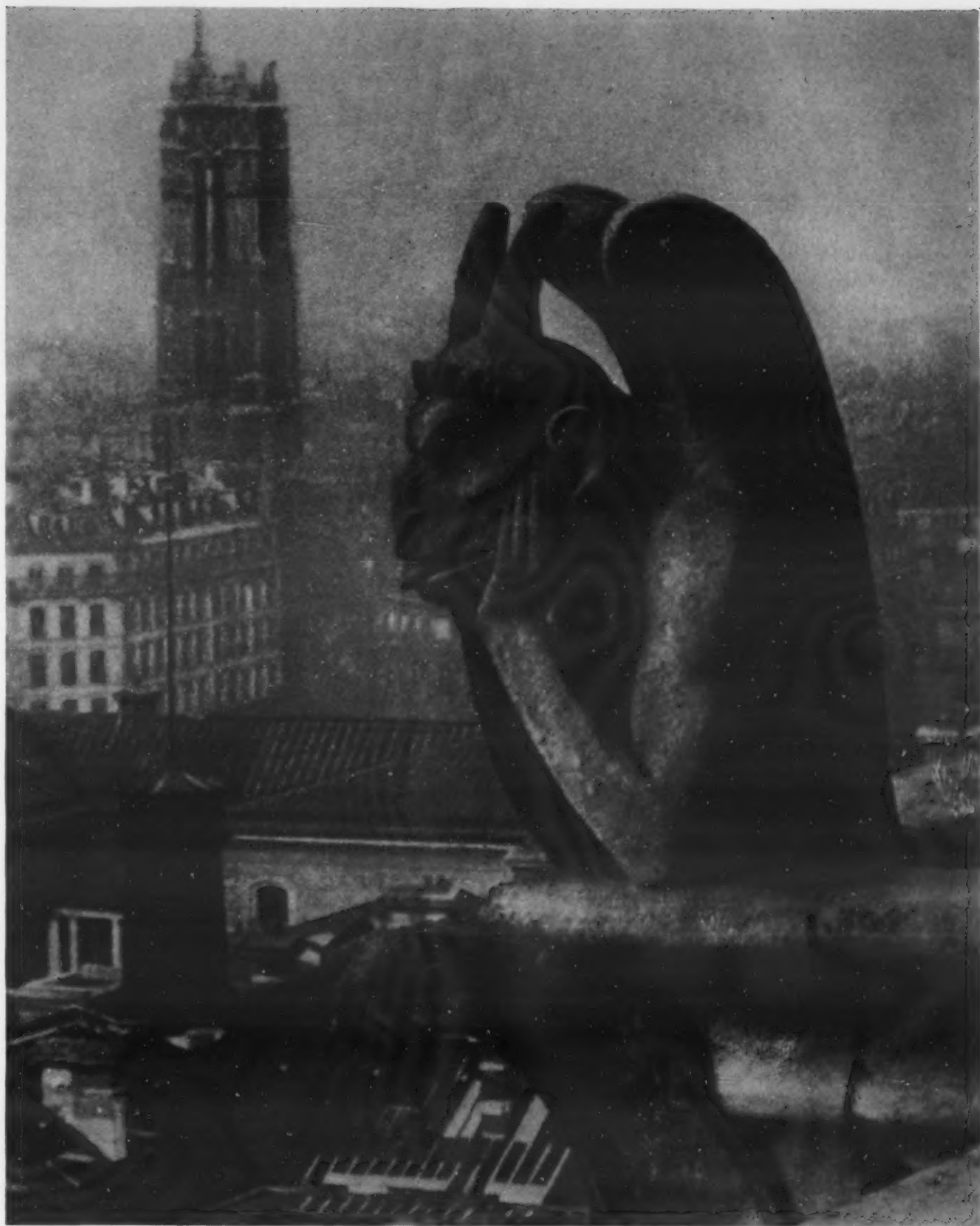
The libretto of "Louise" is, in substance, a very good play. It has most of the Sardoodledish, if not the Aristotelian, qualities of the perfect drama, including unity of place and action and a fine mathematical curve of plot. But if it were performed as a spoken play it would be a failure. When in the last act Louise complains to her hard-working mother and father that she wants to run away from home and be Free to Love, if she weren't singing it I should feel a powerful impulse to spank her on her person and tell her to go back and help with the washing. But when she sings it, her argument is irresistible. It is impossible to answer it, except with a better song. Whether you approve of Louise's conduct is not the point. The point is that opera makes you understand what Louise is feeling, whereas the spoken drama never could.

One of the most perfect plays ever written, to my notion, is Materlinck's "Monna Vanna." And it is one of the worst operas, because the composer could not possibly add anything to the consummately molded and chiseled tale of the poet. Yet the same author's "Pelleas and Melisande" is and always will be unsatisfactory as a spoken play. It is, one must admit, an experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose, but somehow its famous psychic overtones never really come off. Yet when Debussy adds those overtones it suddenly becomes a music-drama, and one about as likely to turn out immortal as any on the boards today.

The classic formula for the opera libretto, from Scarlatti right up to the latter Verdi, was a good stage drama providing

(Continued on page 60)





Publishers' Photo Service

THE REAL HERO OF "LOUISE"

Paris, which is only a word in Charpentier's libretto, comes to life in his music

March 25, 1929

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THE BELOVED

From the old city you have emerged; the high towers

Are only a memory now; the vast prison-like rooms

Are only a memory; the terrifying word of the Captains

No longer is the wise word.

Now relinquish everything; relinquish the heart's pride, and the secrecy

Of old confusions; let fall the old humiliations,

The doubts, the fears, the arrogances, the disgraces;

Hold nothing back.

For this is a sunlight into which you have come, proudly

And humbly—and you enter it flower-crowned and naked;

And there are songs in the branches, and flowers where your foot falls;

And darkness is dead.

Here in this meadow where you are defenseless,

Here where the fields lie open, and not a wall

Or an armed watch on the ramparts is strong to guard you—

Here, my beloved, you are safe.

Arthur Davison Ficke

ORCHESTRAL MASTER WORKS

By Lawrence Gilman

"SUMMER DAY ON THE MOUNTAIN," OP. 61

VINCENT d'INDY

(Copyright, 1929, by Lawrence Gilman)

THE orderly and genteel Addison declared in 1705 that the Alps as viewed from the Lake of Geneva formed "one of the most irregular and misshapen scenes in the world."¹ How profound an amazement would have filled his neatly-clipped soul if he could have known that two centuries later a maker of music would assemble an army of instruments for the purpose of celebrating in tone the beauty and majesty of the heights! Yet it was long before Addison's day that Petrarch, climbing Mount Ventoux in 1335, said that his soul "rose to lofty contemplations" upon the summit.

Monsieur Vincent d'Indy would side with Petrarch. Like Beethoven and Bruckner in certain of their moods, he is an incorrigible Pantheist. For him, magic and exhilaration, the delight and terror and sublimity of the created earth,—the rumor of moonlit seas, the horn-call of Autumn days, "Summer's honey breath," the long sigh of the pine-woods,—these, for him, are but gestures of Divinity. He would perceive no undue exaltation in that question of Walt Whitman's: "What subtle tie is this between one's soul and the break of day?" Monsieur d'Indy knows well what that tie is.

D'Indy's approach to the immemorial pageant of what Henry Moore called "the Out-world" is a blend of poetic rapture, grave tenderness, and an almost priestly elevation of spirit. He does not, like the unparalleled Debussy, see in it all manner of prismatic and glamorous dreams; it is not for him a phantasmagoria of evanescent and anonymous visions; the amorously pensive Faun of the *Après-midi* would have been as ill at ease in one of d'Indy's mountain glades as a nixie in a cathedral, and Pelleas and Melisande would have run from his forest like disconsolate and frightened children back to the tragic heart of their own dark woods. For d'Indy, even when he is not a worshiping Pantheist, betrays an imagination from which the power of sensuous suggestion is almost wholly absent—even the venturesome Istar, as she is embodied in his music, is a fireproof daughter of Sin, and may easily be conceived as chanting austere hymns² "to the cold fruitless moon" while the warder at the Seventh Gate stripped the last veil from her body.

¹ Leslie Stephens, a good many years later, made the equally surprising remark that the wild scenery of the Alps is tolerable only by virtue of "the picturesque society preserved among its folds"; which is as delightful as Chateaubriand's notion that mountains are estimable only as "the sources of rivers" and as "a barrier against the horrors of war." Goldsmith objected peevishly that in Scotland, "hills and rocks intercept every prospect."

The Nature-worship of d'Indy is predominantly religious. It is celebrated in rapturous songs that are devotional canticles, offerings of praise. The *Jour d'ete a la Montagne* is in essence an ecstatic hymn in praise of the eternal miracle of the created earth.

This work is typical of d'Indy's mature development as

a composer. It dates from 1905, his fifty-third year. The score, published in 1906, is prefaced by extracts from Roger de Pampelone's prose-poems, *Les Heures de la Montagne*, which serves to suggest the inspirational basis of the music. D'Indy at first intended to characterize the work as "*Tableau symphoniques*"; but the title-page of the score describes it merely as "*Jour d'ete a la Montagne, pour orchestre*," with the following subtitles for the three movements: I. *Aurore* ("Dawn"); II. *Jours Apres-midi, sous les pins* ("Day: Afternoon Under the Pines"); III. *Soir* ("Evening").

Here is an English version of the excerpts from de Pampelone's *Heures de la Montagne* which preface the score:

I. DAWN

Awake, dark phantoms, smile majestically to heaven, for a ray of the Infinite alights upon your

brow. One by one the folds of your great mantle are unrolled, and the first gleams, caressing your proud furrows, spread over them a moment of sweetness and serenity.

Awake, mountains, the king of space appears.

Awake, valley, who concealest the happy nests and slumbering cottages; awake, singing. And if, in your chant, sighs also reach me, may the light wind of the morning gather them up and transport them to God.

Awake, cities, to which the pure rays penetrate regretfully. Science, agitation, human degradation awakes! . . . Up, artificial worlds!

Little by little the shadows vanish before the invading light. . . . Awake, harmonies: God harkens!

II. DAY

(Afternoon, Under the Pines)

How sweet it is to cling to the mountain-sides, broad staircase of heaven!

How sweet it is to dream far from the turmoil of man, wrapt in the smiling majesty of the heights!

Let us mount toward the summits; man deserts them,

² Shakespeare, we know, said "*faint hymns*"; but d'Indy, though his chants are austere and grave, is neither a thin nor a feeble singer.

and there, where man no longer is, God makes audible His mighty voice; let us view from afar His ephemeral creatures, in order that we may be able to serve and love them.

Here, all earthly sounds mount in harmony toward my reposeful heart; here, all becomes hymn and prayer. Life and Death hold each other by the hand, to cry toward heaven; Providence and Goodness. I no longer see that which is perishable, but that which is born again upon the ruins; the great Guide seems to reign here alone.

All grows still. Crossing the sun-lit countryside, a sweet and innocent song is carried to me by the wind, which glides through the depths of the woods.

Oh wind, envelope me with your sublime voice! . . . Gather the songs of birds on the dark pines; bring to me the rustic sounds, the joyous laughs of the maidens of the valley, the murmur of the waves, the breath of plants. Efface in your great cry all the crying of men; let my ears hear only the purest harmonies, works of the divine Beneficence!

III. Evening.

NIGHT steals across the protecting sky, and the waning light sends forth a freshening breath over the weary earth. The flowers stir, seeking resting-places for their heads. A last ray caresses the summits, while the mountaineer, happy after the day's rough work, seeks his rude dwelling, whose smoke rises from a fold of the vale.

The sound of bells, evidence of life, ceases little by little; the lambs crowd into the fold and before the crackling fire the peasant woman rocks to sleep her child, whose timid soul is dreaming of mists, the daring wolf, and the black verge of the woods.

Soon all things sleep beneath the shadows, all is ghostly in the valley; yet everything still lives.

O Night! Eternal Harmony dwells beneath your veil; joy and grief are but sleeping.

O Night! Consuming Life stirs through the all-consuming day; it creates itself anew beneath the pearl-strewn mantle of your outstretched arms . . . "

D'Indy's three "symphonic pictures" are structurally unified by the admirable device of thematic community; furthermore, the opening of the first movement is almost literally repeated in the last, with a felicitous variation; for whereas, in the first ("Dawn"), the sombre tonality of C minor is resolved, as the day breaks, into a luminous B major, in the final movement ("Evening") this process is reversed, and the music fades from B major into the dusk of C minor.

DAWN:—Muted and divided strings sustain, pianissimo, a long harmonic stillness (*Tres Modere*, C minor, 4-4). The music reminds us of what Thoreau called "the aural hour"—its solitude, its cool hush, the lifting vapor and paling stars, the indescribable freshness and fragrance, the slow gilding of the fir-tops, the larks murmuring, flutes in the lower register, violas, trumpet, horn,—with bird-songs in the higher woodwind. The trombone proclaims a theme that will recur, with various modifications, in the other movements. The pace becomes increasingly brisk; there is a spreading radiance in the orchestra, and the chief theme sounds majestically in B major from the trumpets through the shimmering and sparkling of harp and string arpeggios, then from all the strings in unison and octaves, and finally, in diminution, from the horns, trumpets, and woodwind. The strings have a joyous counter-subject

that is hinted at in the second movement and becomes of capital importance in the third.

DAY (AFTERNOON UNDER THE PINES):—The mountain-top is lapt by the slow tides of the summer afternoon. In the hot, windless silence, the lordly clouds drift sleepily. The music is full of drowsy murmurings. First violins, without mutes, accompanied by the other strings *con sordini*, have the indolent chief subject of this movement, (*Tres modere*, E Major, 6-4). In the tenth measure a solo violin recalls the binding motif of the work—the trombone theme of "Dawn"—followed in the strings and wood wind by a variant of the jubilant concluding theme of the preceding movement. A snatch of peasant dance-music is borne upward from the valley. The clarinet sings a rustic tune (*Tres vif*, 3-8), and this is taken up by the muted violas, woodwind, trumpet and violins, until almost the whole orchestra has sported humorously with it. The tranquil earlier mood returns; but the distant merrymaking, now more insistent, is heard again from the valley, and there is the suggestion of a summer storm (the ghost of the *Pastoral* Symphony hovers over this movement). Gradually the intrusive sounds subside. The trombone theme recurs in the brass; and, very faintly from the clarinet, you hear a reminiscence of the peasants' dance-tune. The poet is once more at peace upon his hill-top, companion only to "the lush and pompous day."

EVENING:—The last movement begins exultantly (*Tres anime et joyeux*, B major, 44), with a theme derived from the triumphant phrase given to the violins at the close of the dawn music, while the main theme of the work is treated canonically in the basses, horns and woodwind. The elation of the music subsides. The mood grows more and more tranquil, becomes charged with the suggestion of declining light and spreading shadows and an enwrapping peace—the suggestion of an earth of "slumbering and liquid trees" and "departed sunsets." Chimes are heard from the valley. The strings (*Tres lent*, 3-4, muted and *ppp*) play a subduing lovely variant of the opening theme of the movement—a passage of serenely poetic beauty, rich in twilight tenderness. The opening of the first movement—the music of the breaking day—is recalled (C minor, 4-4). The dusk of sunrise becomes the dusk of night.

D'Indy's elaborate score includes a piano among the orchestral forces. It is used chiefly for arpeggios and scale passages, or is blended with single harp notes and muted trumpets for the suggestion of special effects.

D'Indy, who has spent much time in the mountain regions of his own France,—in the wild hill-country of the Cevennes,—is also, spiritually, a dweller on the heights. Something of the largeness, the serenity, the strength of his beloved mountains has touched his imagination and moulded the contour of his thought, so that one cannot conceive him writing music that is ignoble or trivial or meretricious. The *Summer Day on the Mountain* is not only his masterpiece, it is the essential d'Indy—a precipitation of his own soul. He has enshrined the best of himself in this poised and lovely work—a score in which the mountains have, for the first time in music, been adequately celebrated. It is hard to imagine that anyone who loves the mood of the hills, and is not permanently unfriendly toward such music as d'Indy's, could listen to this superb hymn and resist the contagion of its noble and spacious poetry, its free airs, its uplifted and consolatory beauty.

REHEARSING WITH TOSCANINI

WHO COMES IN LIKE A LION AND COMES OUT LIKE A LAMB

By David Ewen

IMMEDIATELY after the first concert of the Philharmonic Society under the leadership of its new guest-conductor, Arturo Toscanini, three years ago, I spoke to one of the first violinists of the orchestra, praising that miraculous performance of Respighi and Haydn and Wagner to the skies. The violinist listened to me tolerantly and then, when I had finished with my praises, whispered to me smirking superiorly: "It's all very well but you don't know the real Toscanini! His personality you never can really know unless you see Toscanini at a rehearsal!"

But how was one to gain access to a Toscanini rehearsal? For an entire season I hunted in vain for a weak crack in the auditorium's apparently impenetrable armor, but the following year I discovered a surreptitious and unguarded door. Through it I crept into the shelter of empty seats, behind which I hid but over which I ventured to peek when everyone was too engrossed to notice me.

Perhaps what surprised me most during these rehearsals was to discover that Toscanini, far from being a fiery lion, is more of a docile lamb. Is this the man who, in La Scala, was famous for throwing music-stands at erring musicians and who once almost poked out the eye of a violinist with the end of his baton? He stands quietly in front of his orchestra, during rehearsals, a handkerchief twisted around his neck, and with almost superhuman patience and understanding guides his men. I have seen him work upon one phrase for half an hour, without so much as a loss of temper. I have seen him explain minutely and carefully to one of the performers how to attain a certain effect and then, after the performer had failed a second time to get it right, begin his explanation all over again. He is almost gentle when mistakes are made and, instead of bursting into paroxysms of anger (as the Toscanini myth would have it), he speaks a few kind words and then begins from the beginning once more.

But every once in a while his Italian temperament manifests itself. I remember how, in rehearsing the Ninth Symphony, two years ago, he tried to show the musicians how to play that marvelous passage where, in bar 198, the opening theme becomes converted into a poignant wail for the strings.

But because of his meagre knowledge of English, he could not convey his meaning clearly. The violinists played the theme stiffly; he wanted it to sound limply, liquidly. In desperation Toscanini took out his handkerchief and dropped it slowly to the floor. "You see—like this play it—the music should float—like these here handkerchief—" he said. But the violinists could not attain the effect and so, after many minutes of trial, Toscanini threw down his baton and shrieked out a volley of Italian curses and imprecations that re-echoed in all the corners of the hall.

On another occasion, while rehearsing music by De Sabata, he described a certain effect about half a dozen times. When the same mistake was made the seventh time, he flung his baton aside, walked to the corner of the platform and, sitting down, buried his face in his hands. The silence was terrible. After a few moments Leo Schulz, the first 'cellist, walked over to Toscanini and conducted him gently to his stand. Picking up the baton, Schulz begged the master to try them once again. And this time the orchestra played beautifully.

But these outbursts are, strangely enough, rare. More often, Toscanini is patient and even in a good humor. Constantly he indulges in sallies of wit. Of a *pianissimo* passage he said: "Make it sound far away—far, far away—in Brooklyn!" He is repeatedly poking fun at his musicians, at some peculiarity in their tone or at their mistakes. But, with all his good-humor and witticisms, he always works seriously and with almost incessant energy.

Toscanini speaks in English at rehearsals—a ragged, broken English in which he painfully tries to communicate his many ideas. But when words fail him, he sings, acts, mimics. Rehearsing Respighi's "Feste Romane," recently, he wanted to show the clarinetist how to play a certain trill flip-pantly, so he hunched his back, raised his two hands and shook his fingers rapidly. In indicating to the trombonist how to perform a certain vulgar sound, he kicked his leg out, clenched his fist and emitted a deep, resonant groan. He dances, rants and postures in front of his men in attempts to convey the mood of his music. In a high-pitched voice he im-

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AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARILLON IN AN IDEAL SETTING
The Famous Lange Jan Tower in Middleburg, on the Island of Walcheren, Holland

March 25, 1929

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AMERICA HEARS THE ANGELUS

THE CHROMATIC CARILLON REVIVES AN OLD WORLD
BEAUTY IN THE NEW

By Irving R. Sussman

SILENTLY, one by one, in the infinite meadows — and cities — of America, European traditions are taking root, transplanted by people who see no logical reason for going abroad to see or hear things that may well be equalled—by importation or otherwise, and in interest if not in age at home. And among these innovations the carillon has lately taken its place.

This is the only member of the bell family that may claim the distinction of being a legitimate musical instrument. "Carillon" is not synonymous with "chimes," as the popular conception would have it. The fundamental difference is that the latter is tuned diatonically while the carillon is tuned to the chromatic scale. Furthermore, chimes seldom have a range of more than an octave and a half, whereas some carillons have a compass of four or more octaves.

We find records of the carillon no earlier than the fifteenth century. In his "Comptes de Ducs de Bourgogne, M. de la Borde" quotes an article from the municipal archives of the town of Oudenaarde, in which it is stated that in 1408 a certain Mr. Cloppin de Clivere "reçut un salaire pour avoir sonné la carillon, a l'honneur de la Ste. Eglise et pour avoir sonné la cloche, a plusieurs reprises contre la terre."

"This bit," Mr. De la Borde goes on to explain, "makes a distinction between a carillon player and a man who merely rang bells." And it leads the French savant to the belief that carillons were extant years before we have actual records relating to the building of one.

The first real carillon of which we have official record was built for the Cathedral at Alost in 1487. Though this statement is generally agreed upon, there are rival claims that can not be disregarded, and it is certain that

one instrument in Rouen must date from a period long before that.

The immediate ancestor of the carillon was the Flemish *voorslag*. This device, consisting of a set of two or more bells, was installed in clock towers and sounded immediately before the time-

piece was about to boom out the hour. The *voorslag* can be traced from the twelfth century, when it was generally composed of two, or at most three, bells. As years passed the number of *voorslag* bells was increased, until, when their number reached ten or twelve, definite themes and melodies could be pounded out on them. Soon municipal rivalry sprung up regarding the respective merits of *voorslags*. To possess a good instrument of this kind was considered an indication of civic progress. Bellcasters were exhorted to use finer materials, and to make their products truer in tone and better in *timbre*. And the number of swaying music-makers increased.

But one thing remained to change the *voorslag* into a legitimate musical instrument. That was the development of the clavier, forerunner of the piano. A keyboard! To the bell founder it suggested a

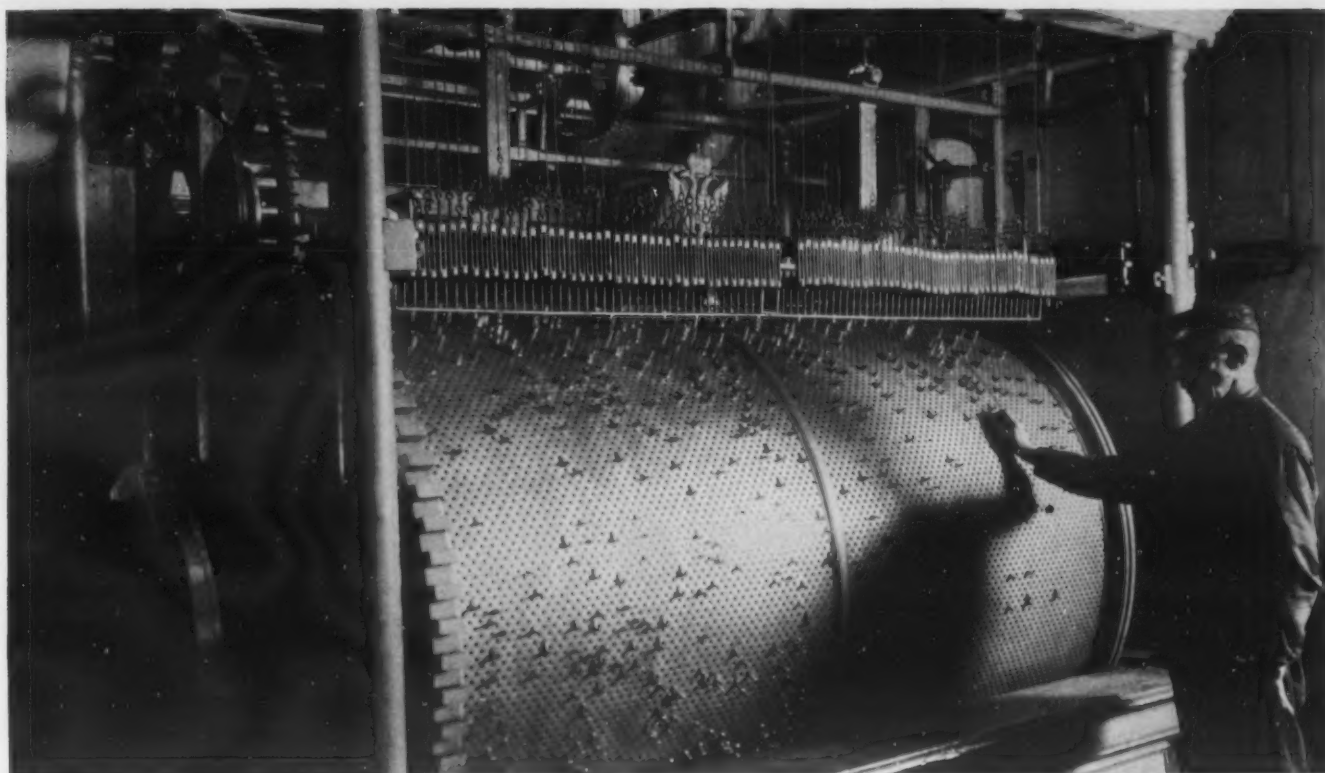
series of bells tuned chromatically, so that any tune whatsoever might be played upon them. The advent of a manual for the instrument was not long delayed. Mechlin boasted, in 1583, an instrument that had not only a hand-played keyboard, but even a pedal one. In 1540 the Cathedral at Anvers claimed sixty bells.

Not until the golden age of carillon making, however, do we meet those to whom credit can be given for participating in developing the instrument. Two brothers, Frans and Pieter Hemony, are the first great makers of whom there is official record.



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"CARILLON MAKING REACHED ITS PINNACLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." SOME OF THE GREAT BELLS OF THE LANGE JAN CARILLON, CAST IN 1715.



A DUTCH MECHANICAL CARILLON-PLAYER, BUILT LIKE A GIGANTIC MUSIC BOX. IT CAN BE ADJUSTED TO PLAY ANYTHING FROM A GREGORIAN CHANT TO A

PUBLISHERS' PHOTO SERVICE
BEETHOVEN SONATA, BY SIMPLY CHANGING THE PINS ON THE HUGE BRASS CYLINDER. 25,000 DIFFERENT NOTE COMBINATIONS ARE MADE POSSIBLE.

Frans was born in 1609; Pieter in 1619. They came of a family of bell founders, and were natives first of Lorraine, and then of Zutphen. In the latter place they did all their early work. The carillons they made were (and still are) remarkable for beautiful mellowness of tone and accuracy of pitch. The period in which the brothers Hemony worked was a golden age in other directions. Guarneri and Stradivari were glueing together their incomparable violins; Lieven de Key, the master builder, raised his utilitarian trade to the status of a fine art; Vondel wrote mellifluous verse; Tromp and de Ruyter were winning great naval victories (using, probably, cannon made by the Hemony family), while Crocius was penning legal masterpieces and Reubens and Rembrandt were at their easels. The first carillon produced by the Hemony partnership was sold in 1645 to a Zutphen customer, and was immediately hung in the winehouse there.

The Hemony reputation grew fast, and flattering offers poured in from all sides. As a result Frans went, in 1646, to the larger city of Amsterdam and there opened a foundry. Five carillons were completed and sold by him after his arrival—each one a masterpiece, ringing to this very day. Upon the death in 1664 of Frans, Pieter journeyed to Amsterdam to take sole charge of his brother's business. There he worked assiduously until his death in 1680.

During the thirty-five years of their active service, the Hemonys made scores of instruments, the total value of which must have been, even in those days, over 3,000,000 francs. In a letter written shortly before his death, Pieter lists forty-seven instruments, and many now in existence, known to be his work, are omitted from this catalogue.

Members of the Van der Gheyn family, though doing their best work after the Hemony brothers had passed on, were equally important as contributors to the carillon making art. Two Pieters, two Jans, an Andreas and a

Matthias comprised the great line that brought the art to a state that has not been surpassed (or, indeed, equalled) except for minor modifications in methods of manipulation. For 100 years Mechlin was the seat of the Van der Gheyns. The present branch of the family dates from the nineteenth century, and Felix van Aerschodt is the twentieth century representative. The keyboard of Matthias Van der Gheyn is, with very little change, still in use. It much resembles the clavier of a piano, except that the keys are made of oak, are round in shape, placed a few inches apart, and are played by being struck with the hand half-closed.

The immediate successor to the Hemony combine—Melchoir de Haze (born 1635)—added little to the work of his predecessors, but contributed several excellent instruments. The Dunieri family of which Joris was the head, also deserves mention. The belfry of Bruges, which inspired verses by several great writers, Longfellow included, contains Dunieri work.

In 1860 Lund and Blockley of England made some minor changes in carillon making. Soon afterwards Gillette of Croyden, and Smith and Sons of Derby (England) did important work in subdividing the mechanical operations connecting keyboard with bell.

Still, on the whole, carillon making reached its pinnacle in the eighteenth century—just as did violin-making. A French authority, Dr. Will, states in a recent work, "It seems that the Hemony family carried their secret to the grave," as Stradivari is accused of having done.

Though the art of carillon playing may not have declined to any appreciable degree, it has certainly not advanced, despite improvements tending to make manipulation easier. In the eighteenth century carilloneurs in the Netherlands performed fugues in two and three voices. Recitals were as popular and frequent as ensemble concerts, and programs were quite as pretentious. Included in programs by Potthoff of Amsterdam, were preludes, fugues,

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"THERE ARE NO STICKS"

PITFALLS OF THE MUSICAL JUNGLE THAT AWAIT THE CONDESCENDING EXPLORER

By Frances Boardman

SOME day, perhaps, a benevolent musical foundation will finance the printing of several thousands of cards on each of which will appear the brief legend, "There Are No Sticks."

For the benefit of those to whom the vernacular is cryptic, an elucidative subtitle might read, "Assume That Every Audience Is Critical."

These will then be supplied to concert managers who, in turn, will see to it that one goes with every contract calling for the extra-metropolitan appearance of a singer, and the latter will be urged to ponder on the significance of the hint.

For it is singers who most often sin against their own professional consciences, and against the patience of audiences the country over, in respect to proper preparation for recital engagements. Sometimes this carelessness manifests itself in banal or casually assembled program material, but much more often in a conspicuous lack of preliminary work upon it.

So much has been said and written about an increasing demand for the best in music that one might suppose something of the meaning of it all would enter the calculations of any concert artist setting forth on a tour of provincial conquest. However, years of professional observation in a sizeable middle western city long labeled with a reputation for fastidious musical taste, have forced the conclusion that a large percentage of singers assume second-best treatment to be good enough for any public outside of New York.

This is not true of the supremely fine artists. It is not true, for instance, of Elisabeth Rethberg, nor of John McCormack, of Schumann-Heink, Heinrich Schlusnus, or Edward Johnson. But it is true of a surprising array of supposedly competent people.

To get down to data, memory need not reach back many years for a recollection of the tall mezzo-soprano from the Metropolitan Opera Company who arrived to sing before a long-established organization which takes its concert courses seriously, and includes on the program the printed text of all songs offered. This custom certainly proved a godsend to the visitor, who laid one of these documents on top of the piano and consulted it throughout the evening.



Reference has been made to her height. Obviously, too, she was not gifted with far-sight. Put the two circumstances together, and it is not hard to visualize the somewhat distressing posterior elevation which met the view of those patrons seated at the singer's rear. Furthermore, the dressmakers were sticking close to facts that year, and making but slight allowance for the vagaries of human posture. At the close of the program, in response to kindly applause, the lady held a fluttering conference with her accompanist, who produced "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." This she proceeded to sing from the score, reading it across the pianist's shoulder.

Maybe she wonders why she has never been re-engaged there.

There was a soprano, coming a season or two later, who commenced her first song, balked in the middle of it, and coyly took the audience into her confidence in this wise:

"I've just come back from a summer in the Adirondacks, and I'm afraid my brain's a bit webby!"

It was,—and a bit woofy, too.

Only last December a distinguished operatic soprano from New York gave a recital in that same western city. Her reputation had preceded her, and the audience gathered with every expectation of enjoying an exhibition of really superior musicianship. But from the very outset of

a program which opened with four familiar Schubert songs, she had almost steady recourse to the printed text.

Then there was the resplendent lady from Central Europe, also an operatic celebrity, who was put to it to hold her little word-book, owing to the fact that she was simultaneously engaged in tightly grasping the crimson velvet wrap which enveloped her, and in

maintaining a clutch on a large banded bag. (She had no umbrella, for some reason or other.) But hold it she did, for without its kindly aid she would certainly have been forced to make a wordless vocalise of nearly every number on the program.

Now in every one of these cases, and they are just a few of many, the singer must have known for months just when and where she was to sing; her contract had been signed long before the western journey fell due. There was not the excuse of insufficient notice or emergency call. No, the delinquency was traceable to just one of two things: unpardonable professional carelessness, or just plain "Dummheit."

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THE FAMILY ALBUM



A COY LITTLE GROUP OF THE VICTORIAN ERA GATHER TO CELEBRATE THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF EDUARDO MARZO'S ACTIVITIES IN AMERICA. STANDING ARE EMILE SAURET (LEFT) AND EDUARDO MARZO; SEATED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE SIEGFRIED BEHRENS, CARLOTTA PATTI, TERESA CARRENO, AND SIGNOR MARIO



NINA MORGANA AND CARUSO ON TOUR TAKE IN THE SIGHTS OF MINNEAPOLIS.—AND THIS WASN'T SO LONG AGO, EITHER!

MR. OTTO KAHN SITS FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH. THIS IS THE FIRST AUTHORITATIVE USE OF THE "SURPRISED-WITH-A-BOOK" POSE SO POPULAR WITH THE PRESENT-DAY PHOTOGRAPHERS OF MEN.



MUSIC VERSUS MOUNTAINS

PROVING THAT MUSIC IS MUSIC, TOO, OUT IN THE GOLDEN WEST

By Redfern Mason

WE CALIFORNIANS are ultramontanes. The great chain of the Rockies severs us from the well-spring of Eastern culture and forces us to rely on our own initiative or go music-hungry.

And music hungry in a measure we still are, though the great artists include San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno and San Jose in their itinerary and, as far as pianists, violinists and vocalists are concerned, we are regularly visited by the leading representatives of each genus. But the Metropolitan Opera has not visited our West since Caruso told his beads by the light of the great fire of 1906 and the Chicago Opera fobs us off with a week or so each year.

Nevertheless our aloofness has its advantages. Orchestrally it has been a blessing. It has compelled us to make use of our own resources and, thanks to the interest of the aristocracy of music lovers, California has to-day two symphonic cohorts that vie in excellence with the best orchestras of the East or of Europe. This achievement we owe, in San Francisco, to two men, Henry Hadley and Alfred Hertz; in Los Angeles the pathbreaker was the late Walter Rothwell, sponsored by an "angel," W. A. Clark, Jr., whose millions have enabled the southern city to do what her northern sister has accomplished in more democratic fashion with the contributions of a thousand subscribers.

Today we are suffering from symphonic growing pains. Hollywood Bowl is largely responsible for that. The bringing of guest artists to that miraculous al fresco auditorium has stimulated curiosity. People want to hear the Sphinx's riddle as it sounds in the ears of the concertgoers of the Eastern states and of Europe. Thanks to that curiosity, San Francisco has today a summer Symphony and the art of men like Bruno Walter, Molinari, Stokowski and Coates is opening the way to developments which, as yet, can only be dimly envisaged.

It is dawning on the whole population that music is something more than a distraction for the winter months. The exodus of the wealthy during the summer leaves a vast multitude of men and women who demand that the education which is music shall not be discontinued for any change in the calendar. In the south, where the climate is as warm as that of New York, the Philharmonic transfers the scene of its activities to the Bowl and there, for eight weeks, under the stars, audiences of from fifteen to twenty thousand listen to music made under the direction of great artists who seek employment in our West at a time when their services are not required at home.

San Francisco is climatically happier than Los Angeles, for the northern summer is mild and concerts can be given indoors. Last year we had a ten weeks season in our huge Dreamland Rink and audiences of 7000 listened to the classics and the moderns interpreted by Coates and Mol-

inari. This year it is hoped to bring out Bruno Walter, Goossens and possibly Mengelberg, and not only will they give concerts in San Francisco, but the Symphony will also play in the lovely Woodland Theatre at Hillsborough.

The giving of these summer seasons in the north has been made possible by the beneficence of our San Francisco city fathers. These men who, a few years ago, wanted to impose a tax on teachers of music and were only dissuaded from so doing by the fiery eloquence of Victor Herbert, have discovered that music is a valuable form of civic advertising. In taking this view they were encouraged by the Commonwealth Club, an organization of 4500 business men that has developed an artistic conscience and, with the help of leaders like Alfred Hertz, Homer Henley, Dr. Hans Leschke, Domenico Brescia and others, is exercising a constructive influence in the artistic counsels of the community.

What the city fathers did was to make a contribution of \$15,000 from the city advertising fund. The step was one of deep significance for it meant the recognition of the principle of subsidization. To-day San Francisco probably leads the country in the measure of its municipal support given to music. Last year the sum contributed was \$100,000, as contrasted with the \$45,000 given for the like purpose by the city of New York.

IF IT BE objected that money given for civic advertising is not, in the strict sense of the word, subsidization, the same objection cannot be raised against the \$4000 given to Dr. Leschke, the municipal chorus master, the only one, by the way, in the country. Then there is an allowance of \$25,000 for the two city bands; \$25,000 is invested in five Symphony "pops," with an average attendance of 9000.

Not that San Francisco stands alone in California in this attitude. Santa Monica subsidizes music with an annual \$45,000 and the municipality of Long Beach pays \$100,000 a year out of the taxes to support a city band.

In Los Angeles the deep pocket of W. A. Clark makes good the deficit of the Philharmonic and the nitrate Croesus sometimes foots the bill to the tune of a yearly \$250,000. In San Francisco the Symphony usually ends the season with a deficit of about \$50,000, and then there is a campaign of "sturdy begging" to make good the shortage.

Operatically the situation on the Coast is unsatisfactory. Los Angeles and San Francisco have annual seasons of about three weeks; they bring great artists from New York, from Milan, from Buenos Aires, pay them as much as \$3000 a performance, and make the enterprise pay by economizing on rehearsals. For five years this system has made good in a commercial way under the brilliant guidance of Gaetano Merola, who is that rara avis, a musician with a gift for administration. But the ensem-





ALFRED HERTZ THOUGHT OF THE DEAD SPOTS IN NEW YORK'S METROPOLITAN AND SHUDDERED—BUT 12,000 HARDY SAN FRANCISCANS GATHERED IN THE CIVIC AUDITORIUM TO HEAR HIM DIRECT ERNEST BLOCH'S "AMERICA."

ble is poor and folks who are familiar with the marvelous team work of La Scala and the Paris Opera Comique groan aloud. They would prefer to have less spectacular artists and a more perfectly organized company.

The chorus is the great problem. To pay them a reasonable sum for their services would cost a great deal of money, and the leaders of the Opera Association are wedded to the belief that opera must be made to pay. They are blissfully unaware of the truth that, if opera pays as business, it fails as art.

But Merola is gently forcing the hands of his colleagues. A pitiful \$100 a season does not hold the singers and every season there is a leakage of some sixty per cent, with the result that the work of training has to be done over again with new voices every year. So he proposes to give each singer \$250 a season, take the forty best voices from San Francisco and the same number from Los Angeles, and fuse them into a chorus to be used in both cities.

Experienced operagoers cite the example set by Berlin, where the members of the chorus have to undergo two years training in the Hochschule and must be good readers and practically versed in the art of the stage. But then the Hochschule is part of the state system of education and supported out of the taxes. America has as yet no body of listeners willing to be taxed in order that the public may enjoy good opera. Perhaps we shall come to that eventually. We may even imitate the example of La Scala and La Monnaie and the Opera Comique, where they are always rehearsing and the chorus is as vital a character in opera as are the principals.

In truth we give opera under discouraging conditions. In Los Angeles the performances are given in the Shrine Auditorium, which seats 6000; in San Francisco the locale is Dreamland Ring, which has a seating capacity of about 5000. Both places are much too large for the giving of ideal opera.

San Francisco sees her operatic salvation in the War Memorial, on which it is proposed to spend \$6,000,000. When completed, which will be at least a couple of years

from now, it will seat 3500 people, with standing room for five hundred more. Bearing in mind the fact that Bayreuth only has a seating capacity of 1600, the Paris Opera 2100, the Opera Comique 1500, La Scala 3400, and so on, many persons wonder whether we are not making a great mistake in pitching the figure so high. Bruno Walter raised his hands in horror at the suggestion of 4000. For him 2500 is the maximum consistent with perfect vision and perfect hearing. Max Reinhardt said that the intimacy which is the soul of opera is incompatible with a house of more than 2000 seating capacity. Alfred Hertz thought of the "dead spots" in the Metropolitan Opera House and shuddered. More than that, Georges Ricou called off the proposition to bring the Opera Comique to San Francisco on the ground that an opera house of the size of the War Memorial was inartistic. "Call it opera, if you like," he said; "you can't call it art."

BUT the superstition that opera must pay its way has apparently won and we are threatened with an opera house in which the performance of Mozart will be impossible, "Orefo" out of the question, and "Pelleas" dubious.

Fortunately there is no lack of smaller theatres and, when intimate opera is sought, the War Memorial can remain dark.

It is in the minds of so many that we should have an operatic stock company both in San Francisco and Los Angeles. California is vocally another Italy and the problem is to secure employment for our young artists.

If this were Berlin, where the city gives a subsidy of \$500,000 a year to both the Stadtoper and the Volksoper, our singers would have a means of expression and steady work, and frequenters of the local equivalent of the Volksoper would be able to hear first class performances of "Tristan" and "Freischutz" for forty-five cents. But that is only possible in places where the people regard opera as

(Continued on page 63)

SIBELIUS AND HIS LEGEND

THE HEEDLESS CONSPIRACY TO PIN THE ARTIST TO HIS LANDSCAPE

By Irving Weil

JUST who it was that originated the Sibelius legend it is impossible to say, and very likely the identity of the glib culprit will never be definitely known. But one may readily enough track down those who have been engaged in perpetuating it with wearying assiduity, for they are to be observed hard at it every time anyone plays some of the great Finn's music. The thing has grown to be a kind of repetitious and heedless conspiracy to turn this composer of the North into a Byronic figure, a romantic hero of his country's saga—the gloomy and forbidding mystic, forever brooding upon the dour landscape outside his window. Nothing has done more to make his music not only generally unacceptable but also to make its most profound significance roundly misunderstood.

The inescapable legend pictures this twentieth century contemporary, Jan Sibelius, as some bardic poet in flowing robe, with arms folded and head bowed, like Old Vainamoinen of the national epic of the "Kalevala," gazing mysteriously and interminably upon the black waters of Finland's thousand lakes (there are always a thousand) and its equally numerous beetle-browed fjords. He lives, a hermit, beside the River of Death which seems to entwine his whole outlook. And what he sees and hears beyond his door, that is the substance of all his music. Thus runs the tale of the legend-mongers; and so zealously have they been telling it for the past thirty years or more that everyone has come to believe it.

Occasionally one comes face to face with a photograph of Sibelius (photography is an unkind solvent of romanticism) and one is quite shocked to observe that the composer actually wears coat and trousers, collar and cravat, like the rest of us, has short hair which he parts on the left side and might easily be mistaken for, say, the head of the tramway system in Helsingfors. Possibly the scarcity of printed photographs of Sibelius has had something to do with the persistence of the legend about him and his music. But its continuance for a generation is due to the facile indolence of many of the critical commentators upon the Sibelius output, who hand

on the stock prattle, one to another, every time a new work of the Finn, or even an older one, comes along for performance.

The legend arose, doubtless, because in his earliest years Sibelius was actually chiefly concerned as a composer with music that should make known to the world the Finnish heritage of folk tale and poetry. But there came a time in his life when his music ceased dealing with these traditional stories of his people, when he looked inward for another sort of substance for expression—when, in short, his creative impulse became subjective and its result assumed a more complex and a deeper meaning.

This the famous legend ignored, going on doggedly to maintain its pretty portrait of the Finnish Tuis-tala, the teller of tales, the grim spirit of Finland's lakes and forests. It made no difference that the stock explanation of his music no longer explained it. The legend, no doubt, was too good to give up. The last four symphonies of Sibelius accordingly have become irritatingly baffling to the legend-mongers and nearly all the comment on these works rather helplessly acknowledges as much. Nonetheless, the rubber-stamp rhapsody is stubbornly kept up with a little additional emphasis here or there.



"... AND ONE IS SHOCKED TO OBSERVE THAT THE COMPOSER WEARS COLLAR AND CRAVAT... AND MIGHT EASILY BE MISTAKEN FOR THE HEAD OF THE TRAMWAY SYSTEM OF HELSINGFORS."

PERHAPS the most flagrant in his insistence on the landscape legend is Paul Rosenfeld, the American. Listen to a bit of his thenody from the article on Sibelius in his "Music Portraits:"

"Others have brought the North into houses and there transmuted it into music. But Sibelius has written music innocent of roof and inclosure, music proper indeed to the vast open, the Finnish heaven under which it grew. And could we but carry it out into the Northern day, we would find it undiminished, vivid with all its life. For it is blood-brother to the wind and the silence to the lowering cliffs and the spray, to the harsh crying of sea-birds and the breath of the fog. . . . The orchestral compositions of Sibelius seem to have passed over black torrents and desolate moorlands, through pallid sunlight and grim primeval forests and become drenched with them."



Edwin F. Townsend

ALTON JONES

A young Nebraskan whose work this season has placed him among the coming pianists

This thing is not at all, however, confined to America, although there have been plenty of Rosenfeld re-echoes hereabouts. Listen to what was written by the late Mr. H. H. Mischa-Léon, who in spite of his name was a Dane and was once known here and elsewhere as an operatic tenor, evolved into a British critic:

"In the case of Sibelius, the deep melancholy nature in Finland, and the impression of the Russian iron grip have produced a genius. His compositions are messages from the land of a thousand lakes and islets with their manifold and changing tones of color."

Granville Bantock, the British composer, is still another of the chorus. Let us hearken to the words of Mr. Bantock:

"Sibelius is a true son of the soil. In his music the primitive savagery of wild and untamed races seems to stand out with naked distinctness; and we see a scene of rocks, mountains, caves, forests and lakes, rolling mists and boiling surf, by the sinister light of storm; we feel how the iron has entered into the soul in this hard land where Winter keeps his relentless grip for six or seven months in the year."

And so on and so on, each time almost in the same words. Perhaps it was Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, more or less unwittingly, who first gave the cry to the pack. In her book, "Jean Sibelius," she goes over the same ground but she distinguishes between what influenced the composer in the beginning and what arises from his later music. Perhaps the distinction was too fine for those who followed her to observe. At any rate, it is ironically significant that the only one wholly to disagree with the landscape legend so far as Sibelius' most important music is concerned should be precisely a countryman of his—the Finnish critic, Toivo Haapanen of Helsingfors. In his discussion of Sibelius in the Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians, he says:

"Whereas up to the beginning of this century Sibelius' creative activity was concentrated chiefly on national music and patriotic tone-poems, his tendency since that time has been towards absolute music. . . . It becomes more tranquil in character and gives place to an introspective art."

THE italics are ours, for it seemed worth while to give some emphasis to this Finn's peculiarly qualified judgment as against the picturesque but misleading vaporings of the outlanders. And by way of corroboration, even if of a negative sort, one may add the implied dissident attitude of Mr. Lawrence Gilman, a critic of especially sensitive perception, who quite ignored the all too easy and overworn stencil of nationalism in his consideration of the Sixth and the Seventh Sibelius symphonies when they were given their American premieres by Leopold Stokowski

and the Philadelphia Orchestra some three years ago.

And indeed it seems about time that the overworked legend were given a rest. There is no such smooth, universally-adjustable, all-embracing explanation like this for any composer, even a third-rate one. And certainly not for one of genius, as we believe Sibelius to be. It would be unthinkable, even if one's ears and one's sensibilities weren't in themselves conviction enough, that a man of Sibelius' individuality (and no one, we suppose, will deny him that) could for thirty years go on rewriting himself on the subject of his country. If he could, he would bore himself to death, to say nothing of those who were forced to listen to him. But, in reality, Sibelius had exhausted the acutely national phase of his creative impulse some twenty-five years ago—roughly, after the completion of his Second Symphony. And the change that came over his music is to be noted in the symphony that followed it in about five years.



"MR. KOUSSEVITZKY. . . IN A SPECIALLY RESTRAINED FRAME OF MIND."

This Third Symphony was played the other day in New York for the first time in twenty-one years—orchestral conductors hereabouts, save only Mr. Stokowski, have not been much given to explorations in the Sibelius catalogue. It was a Russian's adventure this time as it had been before, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky having brought it with him on the last visit of the Boston Orchestra to Carnegie Hall. Twenty-one years ago it was Mr. Modest Altschuler and his Russian Orchestra who played it. We don't remember that performance if, indeed, we heard it, but the thing doesn't greatly matter for Mr. Altschuler was not notable for his penetration into the mysteries of new music although he never hesitated to play it. The point is that the present performance, for all purposes, was one's introduction to the work and that it became interesting for what it did to expose the fallacy of the much-coddled Sibelius legend.

The Third Symphony, indeed, catches the composer in the act of loosening himself from his label. The landscape is still before his eyes and his country's song is still in his ears but both have now receded to the background of his thought. Instead of a symphony of the folk, positive, direct and objective, this is a symphony of Sibelius' own rumination about the folk. He has already told their tale, and he is now engaged in thinking about it. It is a work of transition, the link between what gave rise to the legend about him and what no longer had anything to do with it.

And, like all works of transition, it is neither so good as what preceded it nor as what came after it. A man is always in rather a poor way when he has done with the old love and hasn't yet found the new. In the Second Symphony Sibelius had developed his nationalistic feeling

(Continued on page 61)





MRS. HOMER SAMUELS



Nicolai Muray

MRS. RICHARD G. KNOTT



Cosmo News Photo

MRS. ALBERT E. DOMAN

MEET THE WIFE



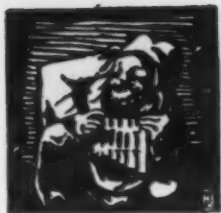
MRS. CHARLES B. SWIFT



DO you know these distinguished women musicians by their married names? If you don't, you should certainly turn to page 59 and find out.



MRS. SIMON VUKAS



M U S I C A L A M E R I C A N A



By Hollister Noble

WE take great pleasure in recording the announcement that Deems Taylor, composer, journalist, and Editor of *MUSICAL AMERICA* has been elected a Trustee of the American Academy in Rome. We understand that Walter Damrosch is the only other American musician so honored.

¶ And Ernest Bloch, the eminent Swiss-American composer now living in San Francisco, has just received a notification from Sanmartini, president of the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia at Rome, stating that he has been unanimously elected to honorary membership in that Academy.

Sanmartini's letter concludes:

"I hope you will appreciate this homage rendered to your musical work by the oldest of the Institutes which has the honor to count among its members the most illustrious musicians."

JUST WILD ABOUT MISCHA

According to Mischa Levitzki, Mischa Levitzki's recent concert at Chicago's Reconstruction Hospital for the Insane to test the therapeutic value of music on the inmates of that institution was a great success. Immediately after the recital he sent the following telegram to his mother:

"Just gave concert at State Insane Asylum. Audience crazy about my playing."

¶ Grand Duke Alexander, brother-in-law of the last Russian Czar, Nicholas II now makes his home at the Ritz in New York. He was recently invited to the opera to on an evening when Feodor Chaliapin sang. His Imperial Highness (as he is still called) declined because the basso has frequently sung the Internationale and other Russian Revolutionary songs.

¶ Nicolai Berezowsky, leader of the second violins of

New York's Philharmonic Orchestra will resign from that organization at the close of the season and will sail for Europe to remain a year or more studying composition and conducting.

AT LAST. VEST POCKET CELLOS



DRAWN BY WITOLD GORDON

Baggagemasters of all the country's leading symphony orchestras may soon be meeting in convention in this city. Cello and double bass players have at last found a savior. A man of genius has arisen—Livingston Welch, writer and "amateur violinist"—who has designed and constructed a collapsible 'cello. Mr. Welch at a soiree or an apres-midi the other day at his home, 229 East 79th street, rudely seized upon one of his pet 'cellos, folded it up and put it

in his suitcase. . . . Mr. Welch has felled designs to enable double bass players to pack their instruments and a toothbrush in a brief case and hop down to Philadelphia and Boston performances.

Mr. Welch's invention ought to save 2345 fares for upper berths reserved for double basses, and 341 baggage cars shuttling between Philly, New York and Boston.

MR. MACKAY GOES TO A CONCERT

According to statistics furnished by observing sleuths it must cost Clarence Mackay anywhere from a hundred dollars up to attend a performance of the Philhar-Symph as he passes ten and twenty dollar tips along the way. Dannie, the Horatius of Carnegie

Hall who tries to keep you from getting in after the music has started, won a twenty dollar note the other night for escorting Mr. Mackay to his loge.

¶ From New Orleans comes news that "La Cabana," home of that scion of fashion, Robert Hayne Tarrant, was recently sold to meet his obligations. When Tarrant occupied it such artists as Galli-Curci, John McCormack and many others were entertained therein. Mr. Tarrant has more than intimated that he is through managing musical events in New Orleans—or elsewhere.

CAME THE DAWN

MME. JERITZA has apparently arrived safely in Vienna. And evidently Spring is early and unusually violent there this year. A kind press department has sent us the shy tribute of Gustav Schneider of the *Illustrierte Welt* of Vienna. One of the more reserved passages reads:

"She is like a scintillating morning in Spring, when the sun, through delicate rose-tinted clouds, shows itself above the Eastern horizon and victoriously puts to flight the lilac-tinted cloud-shadows of night, turning to pale blue pastel tones the heavens bespangled with morning stars; and her voice is like the sound of Aeolian harps, bucolic flutes and heavenly cymbals intoning a mighty hymn to the glory of God who each day gives us anew a world so glorious. This is the impression our Jeritza gives us when she appears on the stage of our Staatsoper."

However, there's reciprocity, for the *Minneapolis Journal* once referred to her as the "blonde rose of the Carpathians."

¶ History: The day after the forming of the Italian Orchestral Union Toscananini rehearsed his band at La Scala in Milan and was dissatisfied with its playing. He rapped on the nearest stand for silence and remarked:

"Gentlemen, have you agreed on all your rules for the new organization? If not, let me give you Article No. 1; the orchestra must play in tune."

A GLASS PIANIST

Montague Glass, author of "Potash and Perlmutter" and other classics, is one of Gotham's most enthusiastic amateur pianists. When Cecil Arden sang a while ago for the Pleiades Club at the Brevoort the audience demanded a certain Spanish song as an encore. Miss Arden's accompanist did not have the music and could not remember it so Mr. Glass stepped out of the audience and played the number with great success.

All of which reminds us that Katherine Spaeth, wife of Sig Spaeth, Community Concerts solon, once remarked that when her husband and Mr. Glass approached a piano simultaneously the instrument could be seen to wince.

¶ The Bohemian's are giving a big dinner for Koussevitzky at the Commodore on April 1. It's for gentlemen only but the ladies are entertaining with Mme. Luboschutz playing the violin and Mme. Rosina Lhevinne at the piano.

¶ Eugene Goossens' new opera, "Judith," will be produced at Covent Garden, London, early in the Summer. The distinguished novelist, Arnold Bennett, has written the libretto. The work, of course, is in English and will be sung in that tongue.



DRAWN BY ADOLPH DEHN

TRUE LOVE STORIES—NO. X, 159

IT was a news item when the word went forth that Miss Zedenka Ticharich, pianist, came all the way from Budapest to play one concert in New York on a Monday night and was to sail for home on Saturday. But it was another news item when a well-to-do New York business man heard her play, went backstage, placed his heart in her hands, and now Miss Ticharich is scheduled to return in a month and marry the man. It often pays to give a New York recital.

¶ Frederick Stock was scheduled to present Ernest Bloch's "America" on the programs of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on March 22 and 23. These were the fourth and fifth Chicago performances of the work this season, it having been previously been presented at both the Friday, Saturday and Tuesday subscription concerts.

¶ Lower tier box No. 8 for Grace Moore's performance of *Romeo and Juliet* was filled with five aspiring vocal students of Mme. Marcella Sembrich, accompanied by Miss Pearl Besuner, another on the Metropolitan's roster.

¶ Another recent arrival was Andreas Dippel, former director of the Metropolitan and once the world's most versatile tenor, noted for his pinch hitting abilities and his reputation for stepping in to any and all tenor roles at a moment's notice. He is over here on business with one of the big talkie trusts.

\$7500 FOR A SONG

The plight of the concert singer whose career has been affected by radio, Florida vacations and foreign or domestic troubles has one or two solutions. . . . Both of them seemed to have been solved by a White Plains house painter with vocal aspirations.

The gentleman in question has just received a fee of \$7500 for singing one song in an alleged speakeasy. Mrs. Gray of Mamaroneck brought a \$30,000 suit against Philip, Dominic and Hilda Nardechia in whose place Mrs. Gray affirmed her husband had purchased *potables*. Mrs. Gray said that upon entering the place her Mr. Gray had burst forth in song and that other patrons at once became infuriated, set upon him, and beat him. As a result Mr. Gray was unable to sing for 18 months. Mrs. Gray said she had been forced to take in washing to support the family.

It was all very sad and the White Plains Justice of the Supreme Court (reported to attend the opera at least twice a week) at once awarded Mr. Gray \$7,500 for singing. The high fee was awarded under a seldom used provision of the Volstead act making sellers of liquor liable for injuries received from intoxicated assailants.





MARY F. WATKINS OF
THE ESTEEMED HER-
ALD TRIBUNE.



SARA A. DUNN OF
THE NEW YORK SUN.



GRENA BENNETT OF
THE NEW YORK AMER-
ICAN.



ROBERT BRADY — HE
DID NOT CHOOSE TO
POSE.



WILLIAM CHASE OF
THE NEW YORK TIMES



FRANCIS DAVENPORT
PERKINS, EVER FAITH-
FUL TO THE HERALD
TRIBUNE



NOEL STRAUS, MUSI-
COLOGIST OF THE
EVENING WORLD.



JULIAN SEAMAN, OF
THE MORNING WORLD.

SLAVES OF NEW YORK'S CRITICAL CHAIN GANG

*The Assistants — Less Famous
Authors of Most of Manhat-
tan's Concert Reviews*

Snapshots by Aline Fruhauf



"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat,
nor gloom of night stays these
couriers from the swift completion
of their appointed round."—*Hero-
dotus.*



L'IL MINNA NOBLE, OF
THE EVENING WORLD
—CHROMATICS EDITOR.

HORSE SENSE

The envelope was an imposing one—from the International Mercantile Marine Company to the "Music Editor, Musical America." It was entitled "News." It read:

"Nine of the biggest and most valuable stallions ever shipped to this country will arrive here today on the Minnewaska from London and Boulogne. . . It is expected that the stallions will be removed from the Minnewaska at 3 P. M., Monday. They will be put aboard special cars which will be brought to pier 58, North River, on a float."

The next nine performances of "Goetterdammerung," "Aida" and "Carmen" ought to be good ones.

When the opera season is over Tullio Serafin leaves for Paris where during May he will officiate as general artistic director and conductor of Ganna Walska's Champs-Elysee Theatre where "The Barber of Seville, Italians in Algiers and other Rossini operas will be performed.

MR. ENGLER'S ZOO

George Engles, recital manager of the National Broadcasting Company, is often called upon to deal with Personalities. One of them a few weeks ago was a woman after a radio engagement who asserted that she sang beautiful duets with her trained parrot. Just as a joke on the production manager Mr. Engles sent her over to him. But that astute gentleman put her and her parrot on the air for a Sunday morning children's hour. And she's been on several times with great success.

A slight strain on credulity, but duly vouched for, is the tale of the trained seal which sang Celeste Aida in dulcet tones. The flippered tenor suffered from boredom in front of the microphone so Mr. Engles, assisted by everyone else in the studio amused him and fed him delicacies until he went on the air.

¶ An orchestral conductor, about to play the Forest Scene from Siegfried, begged Mr. Engles for 20 canaries to give local color to Wagner's music . . . P. S. He got the canaries.

¶ Either Walter Gieseking likes cats or cats like Walter Gieseking. At a concert in Bronxville a large unannounced feline made a joint appearance with the pianist; in a small Spanish town another cat appeared on the stage and gave an audible obbligato to Mr. Gieseking's playing. In a London broadcasting studio a small kitten walked over to the piano and played gleefully and alternately with Mr. Gieseking's feet and the piano pedals.

¶ Two people who care a good deal about music are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Knopf the publishers. Nikolai Orloff, the pianist, lunched with them in White Plains recently and was introduced to Mrs. Knopf's two Yorkshire terriers who are named Benno and Jascha after her musical friends, Messers. Moiseiwitch and Heifetz.

COPELAND AND CODFISH

George Copeland, pianist, who has been pleasing his audiences hugely (if not all his critics) is a native of Boston but never calls that austere town his home. But the stamp remains for he is still crazy about cod fish cakes for breakfast. To make a hit with him meet him at 8 A. M. and discuss Debussy and Satie over a platter of this fragrant fish.

The "Silhouettes Iberiennes," recently featured on George Copeland's recital program are by a young Russian named Slonimsky, erstwhile secretary of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony.

LO! THE POOR TYMPANI PLAYER

Saul Goodman, 22-year-old tympanist of the Philharmonic Symphony, learned the gentle art of drum beating in a class with five other students. Since a great deal of a drummer's work consists in counting rests, the teacher would silently conduct while the pupils stood with their sticks poised over the instruments, ready to beat at the hundredth or two hundredth count. During one of these exercises a student miscalculated and began an enthusiastic roll on the ninety-ninth bar. There was pandemonium from the professor. "Go home," he yelled, "you don't know your lesson!"

Two ladies (from Bronxville or Tuckahoe) were looking over their programs of Goetterdammerung just before the curtain rose.

"Good Heavens," exclaimed one of them, "who are all these people? Have you ever heard of Melchior, or Branzell or Schorr? Why Scotti isn't even in the cast."

It's reported that Mr. Bodanzky's farewell appearance at the Met will take place with an evening performance of Tristan and Isolde.

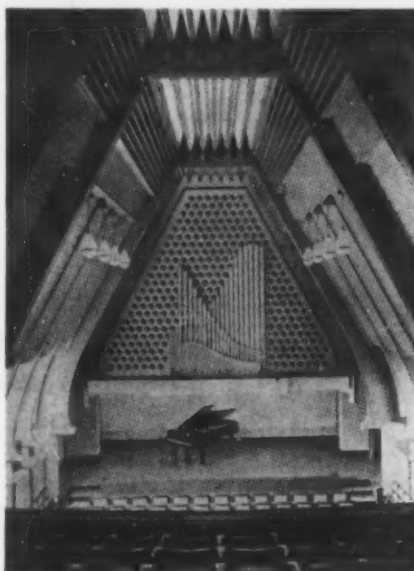
Reinald Werrenrath recently lunched with Jack Dempsey in Miami. . . . Ruth Breton, violinist, announces that five Persian kittens arrived in her home.

The San Jose Mercury comments on still another prodigy acquired by the indefatigable Louis Persinger. Her first name is Beverly. "She never uses a music score," states the awe-struck

Mercury, "and can learn any solo by listening to it over the Victrola."

A HOLLYWOOD HOAX

The brilliant audience which flocked to Mr. Toscanini's first appearance this season aroused the Paramount Moving Picture Company. Working on the filming of S. S. Van Dine's detective thriller, The Green Murder Case, and requiring a shot of a swanky audience, the film company rigged strong lights outside Carnegie Hall, and had their own artists mingle with the crowd emerging after the concert. Otto Kahn, Felix Warburg, Clarence Mackay, Ganna Walska, Bernardino Molinari, Anna Case, Vladimir Rosing and Sascha Jacobsen were some of the unaware extras.



THE LATEST THING IN CONCERT HALLS: A DUTCH CONCEPTION OF A RECITAL AUDITORIUM RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED IN AMSTERDAM.

RE-NATURIZING THE DANCE

SOREL, GLUECK AND OTHERS SUCCUMB TO THE SYNTHETIC URGE

By Ivan Narodny

DANCE performances of the fortnight brought a series of modernistic experiments with Felicia Sorel, M. Senia Glueck, Hans Wiener and A. Gavrilov as outstanding figures. With the exception of an insignificant variation in spirit and style, they all belonged to the experimental school of modernism, a decadent type of pantomime mixed with geometric kinetics.

The theoretical side of their programs promised a tantalizing choreographic variety of styles and ideas, ranging from the music of Brahms and Debussy to that of de Falla, Albeniz, Poulenc, Milhaud and Krenek. Whereas Felicia Sorel and M. Senia Glueck announced their performance as "A Revolt of the Dance," Mr. Gavrilov called his evening "A Ballet Modern." But what it was that constituted the promised "revolt" or "modernism" I was unable to gather from what they presented.

Speaking in the abstract, Mlle. Sorel and Mr. Glueck had the most promising pantomimic experiment, although Hans Wiener and his ensemble presented dramatic tableaux that possibly represented a higher accomplishment. However, they all belong to the plastomimic pioneers of the different isms that swept Europe after the World War.

The philosophical meaning of the peculiarities of the modern dance is, first, a rebellion of primeval emotions against sophisticated and time-worn traditions; and secondly, a revolt of enslaved intuition against institutionalized life—a subconscious craving of the individual to escape from the monotony of our mechanical age. In other words, so-called "modernism" in dancing (as well in art generally) is nothing but a spontaneous yearning of an overintellectualized society to return to nature. We try to express in syncopated gestures and steps, in broken or mechanized rhythms, what we have been unable to voice in words. Evolution is pushing man unconsciously toward what he has failed to get consciously:—love, hygiene and culture. Psychologists tell us that contemporary city civilization, with its comforts and artificialities, is degenerating and weakening our

bodies and perverting our minds. In order to counteract it, Nature turns to such subconscious impulses as the modern dance, modern art, "ragtime" rhythm, etc., thereby forcing man back to nature, back to a new primitive mode of living in a world of steel and concrete.

Although from a philosophical angle, all our modernists are to a great extent subconscious experimenters in the Laboratory of Life and deserve sympathetic public applause, yet when it comes to measuring the values of their displays on an aesthetico-critical scale, we cannot help condemning what does not belong to the established scope of standards; and thus it happens that while Felicia Sorel and M. Senia Glueck are commendable experimenters, they are poor solo dancers from a critical standpoint. As an example, the opening number of their program "Echo and Narcissus," to music by Debussy, was developed into a tantalizing little ballet, which the dancers performed to the following scenario:

"This is a modernized version of the mythological story. The setting is laid on a farm. In the first episode a young girl and a youth meet by the pool. The meeting evokes in her the tumult of first love, but the youth feels no response. Nevertheless he condescends to let her admire him. In the second episode they play and dance together, but still the youth is bewildered and embarrassed. The girl embraces him; when he refuses her advances, she runs away, leaving him still more bewildered. In the third episode the girl is alone by the pool. She sees the youth approaching and leaves. He comes in bearing flowers which he presently throws away. Then

he goes to the pool, and, looking into it, discovers his image there. An expression of rapture comes over him. The sight of his own image has accomplished a transformation. While he stands lost in contemplation of his own self, the girl steals up and puts her hand over his eyes. He is startled. Then he goes to her hesitatingly and embraces her. Even in the embrace he is troubled and uncertain. The image—his self love—lures him back to the pool. (Continued on page 64)

A TANTALIZING BALLET DEVELOPED BY FELICIA SOREL AND M. SENIA GLUECK, "FORCING MAN BACK TO A MORE PRIMITIVE MODE OF LIVING IN A WORLD OF STEEL AND CONCRETE."



Photo by Maurice Goldberg



EAVESDROPPINGS

SOME OF THE FORTNIGHT'S INTERESTING
REMARKS OF OUR CONTEMPORARIES



HENRY FORD refuses to support music. If it does not pay for itself, he thinks, its existence is not justified. Suppose Mr. Ford happened, through the cultivation of his taste in music, to be a passionate admirer of symphonies, quartets and operas. What would he think music was worth to him? He probably would not draw the line at paying \$7 or \$8 to hear great performances of the music he loved. Rather than be deprived of it, he would pay thousands. To him the thousands would be as less to other people. So have done Mr. Eastman, Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge, Mr. Kahn, Mr. Flagler, Mr. Clark, Mr. Bok, Mr. Insull, many more—except in San Francisco.

Then, lo and behold, the performance of the best of music where Mr. Ford happened to be living and enjoying it would be on a financially sound basis. He and others in proportion to their means would think it worth buying. He has done this very thing with the barn-dances that most of the world thinks obsolete. Our Henry Fords need instruction not in economics, but in music.—Alexander Fried in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

“**UNBUTTONED MUSIC**” is one of the definitions for jazz turned in to WCCO, local radio station in a prize cash contest for the best definition.

Among other definitions received are, “the true expression of the big city,” “the Moose chain on the tire of life,” “youth set to music,” “the symphonic rickets of musical malnutrition” and “rhythm used by the imps of hades in their membership drive among mortals.”

—Variety.

THERE is a Welsh town called Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgery. Imagine a popular song, however, called “On the Sidewalks of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgery.”

—Musical Courier.

WE live upon the flattering legend of the violin, “king of instruments,” capable of doing everything and of obtaining the most elastic and varied effects of the whole orchestra. Is there any need to prove that this reputation is usurped? The flute, the harp and the celesta are more poetic, the clarinet is more voluble, the oboe and the cor anglais have more bite and more color, the horn more radiance, and the saxophone is more expressive. In jazz, where the wind instruments, freed from the ancient slavery, can at last talk freely, the violin has immediately been put in its highly honorable, but not predominant, place.—Emile Vinllermoz in *The Christian Science Monitor*.

THE consciousness of being like other people is the one thing which would not bother a communist, or a real artist. Indeed, the finest artists have never been afraid of the commonplace. It is only the lesser men who are incapable of encompassing common things. The common world is too big for them. They must have an uncommon little world all to themselves, in which calves becomes triangular as with Turgenev and Picasso—in which art appeals, not to the mind of man, but to the hollows of his knees.—Rutland Boughton, in *The London Sackbut*.

ARE we reconciled to an abandonment of the spiritual for the mechanical? Has the mechanical, indeed, become for us what the spiritual was for our fathers? The Evening Post reviewer only recently was consulted by one of those who make up the programs of a modern music group with respect to numbers that might be used in a program to be devoted to music composed specifically for mechanical instruments.

The temptation, even for one not easily discouraged, is to agree with Mr. Sabineev- wehn he writes (in the *Gamut* edited by Edwin Evans and published by the Oxford University Press) that “Optimistic forecasts of the future are difficult; on the contrary, pessimistic prognoses force themselves upon us, predicting the inevitable lines of mechanization that will reflect the mechanicalness of the new outlook. . . . The locomotive has already got into music, . . . but it will be even worse for art when human tragedies and dramas are treated in music after the manner of locomotives—and symptoms of this are not wanting.”

—Oscar Thompson in *The New York Evening Post*.

FEW recitalists can interest an audience with an extended program. An audience should be dismissed before it has reached the point where only politeness keeps it seated; an audience leaving a concert in a still receptive mood is better than an audience which feels relieved that the program “at last is over.”

—Pacific Coast Musician.

FANCY titles, when chosen by the composer himself, are not always objectionable, and they may help to elucidate the meaning of his music; but when added by others they are the fifth wheel of the coach. It were better to give us the music and allow us to label it ourselves. Five minutes of free fancy are sweeter than hours of prescribed thought.—Francesco Berger, in *London Monthly Musical Record*.

STRAVINSKY'S “Rite of Spring” had not been heard in London for about ten years, and there was much speculation as to how it would stand revival. Views were mixed, of course, but there seems to be a general consensus of opinion that (1) it is less terrible than it seemed when we last heard it; (2) it has little point when divorced from the ballet; (3) it is too long and becomes monotonous by reason of its insistence on two factors—rhythm and sonority—at the expense of others that matter no less—melody, harmony, color and variety. One was left more than ever convinced that there is practically no future for music that lacks both emotional and intellectual appeal. All the finest things in the repertory appeal to both; the second-best to one or the other. But I can think of no piece of music that has disregarded both and survived.—Harvey Grace in *The New York Herald Tribune*.

THE enlarged opportunities for hearing which the mechanical appliances bring intensify instead of diminishing the need for education. One sometimes hears it argued by parents naturally anxious to save on school “extras” that their children may as well give up learning music because they will never need to play when they leave. They will be able to turn on the wireless or the gramophone with more satisfactory results. Of course they will; but the question is, What use will they make of what comes out of the machine? Will they read a book or chatter or play a card game while it goes on, or will they hail with delight the chance of hearing a symphony in the perfect transmission which we are to expect by the time that the present generation leaves the schoolroom? That will depend on their education now.

The first plank in a musical education must remain the effort of the individual, especially the young individual, to make music for himself with voice and instrument. The 17th century author's test of amateur musicianship, “I desire no more in you than to sing your part sure and at first sight; withall to play the same upon your violl, or the exercise of the lute, privately to yourself,” remains sound. For “violl” and lute we may substitute violin and piano, and lay the same emphasis on the phrase “privately to yourself.” The object of the exercise will be less than ever that of displaying the result to an admiring circle of friends. Rather it will be to awaken a side of the intelligence which may be applied later in listening to music of the higher kinds.

—London Times.

THIS CHALIAPIN-ED BORIS

HOW A PAGEANT BECOMES A ONE-MAN-SHOW

By William Spier

THAT lonely masterpiece of a heaven-storming and earth-quaking genius, the music drama "Boris Godunoff" which we will, for the moment attribute unequivocally to Modeste P. Moussorgsky, has had two performances at the revered and distinctly un-Russian Metropolitan Opera House within the fortnight. On each occasion the affair condensed itself into more or less of a glorification of the art of Mr. Feodor Chaliapin, who returned for his annual short season within the yellow-brick confines on March 4th. The surrounding cast—for those who sing with Chaliapin must be so denominated—was made up, in principal, of persons familiarly associated with the roles involved.

"Boris," as it is given locally nowadays, is for initiated musicians a rather agonizing combination of the unpalatable and the distinctly affecting. The balance, we fear, careens heavily in the former direction; even Mr. Chaliapin cannot alone carry the expositional burdens of this epic matter. And what is more he should not be allowed to attempt such a thing. The force of his personal dynamism will always subject any scene in which he appears to its own mutating power—this he is unable to change, and we are not sure that we would have him do it, if he could.

But "Boris" is really not a one-man-show. It was Rimsky-Korsakoff who first took it upon himself to tamper with not only harmonic, rhythmic and general musical details of Moussorgsky's score but to dissipate, by misled if well meant rearranging and evisceration, the essential conceptional idea that was more important to its creator than anything else. Moussorgsky cared little for Tsar Boris as a central human element for the drama that he concocted out of Pushkin. Boris, the individual, appealed to him only as a pawn in the engulfing might of Russia's destiny. Not the lord in the Kremlin but his untaught, growling, bewildered, fickle, hungry, blustering, dirty minions are primarily concerned here.

In placing the Chudnof Monastery scene between the first episode of the crowd outside the convent and the Coronation Rimsky no doubt sought to infuse an element of suspended interest after the fashion of the motion picture. This scheme he followed throughout, retaining

a logical continuity only in the two Polish scenes—(and, since the Metropolitan sees fit to omit the first of these in its current version, even this small measure of dramatic cogency is denied us.) Of all the transpositional crimes committed in the affair, however, the cardinal offense lay in persuading Moussorgsky to reverse the two components of the final act so that the play concludes with the death of Boris instead of the scene of revolt in Kromy Forest.

It is small wonder, then, that those who are un-

familiar with the original, or, at least, the revised creation of Moussorgsky, are unable to hold on to the dramatic threads of the work through the tangled skein that Rimsky has achieved. Moussorgsky's score, disregarding temporarily its aspect as music, is a model of good theatre. In the first act we follow the surly mob uninterruptedly from the policed prayers of the convent wall to the prodded acclamations in the square between the cathedrals. In the second one sees the daring Grishka Otrepieff conceive his plan of impostorship and watches him escape into Lithuania on the first lap of his adventures. The third act consists entirely of the scene in the Tsar's apartments; there is neither necessity nor sense in linking it with any other dramatic development. Then come the two Mnishch scenes, wherein Lady Marina, under the domination of the monk Rangoni (an important personage



... "IN SCORNFUL VERITY MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS."

as a suggestion of hierarchic power, who has been scissored at the Metropolitan) spurs the pretender on to more ambitious action. As a prelude to the finale we have the harrowing demise of Boris in the Hall of the Duma. And then succeeds the magnificent peroration of brutal mobbery, epitomizing with succinct mightiness the seminal motive of Moussorgsky in the drama as a whole. Thus the play ends with the wailing dismay of that sanest of simpletons, who in two pages of great music conspectuates the unending misery of Russia.

AS music "Boris" is continually more fascinating, more ringing, more thrillingly great. It is music that in its freedom from decadence of any kind is unique and incomparably stimulating. It is music, as it is drama, with an immense soul. Its humor is as heartfully human as its



CHALIAPIN IN ACTION—THE CORONATION SCENE IN "BORIS GODUNOFF," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ACTUAL PERFORMANCE AT THE METROPOLITAN ON THE EVENING OF MARCH 4, 1929.

© Carlo Edwards

tragedy. Never for a moment, therefore, does Moussorgsky lose himself in purely illustrative composition even when, as in Varlaam's song of the Siege at Kazan or in the Nurse's tale of the flea, he seeks an objective type of descriptive characterization. Herein lies the secret, largely, of the unshakeable grip that "Boris" exercises over the listener who is thoroughly familiar with what is happening. One cannot remain merely an interested spectator; he must be drawn irresistibly into a lively participation in the thing. Even for one who does not easily find conviction and emotional experience in the doings of operatic personalities, the elemental truthfulness of "Boris" is vitally apparent.

THERE are pages in this sublime redemption of the word "opera" that are not to be duplicated elsewhere in the entire literature of music. Where may one discover the like of that poignancy which shines in the tear-dimmed lament of Xenia? What parallel is there for the gamut of searing, self-tortured thought that wrings the graying Boris in his monologue of the helplessness of worldly power? Where is there another fusion of dissimilar dramatic and musical ideas that achieves so completely the mental counterpoint of the passage in which the Pretender interrogates the Innkeeper concerning his own difficulties while the befuddled Varlaam extols the virtues of "un buon' uomo." And how extraordinarily is the genius of Moussorgsky manifested in his uncanny ability to create a mood, or to transform it, in the fraction of a second! Note, for instance, the complete change of color and heft that he achieves within the space of a single measure near the conclusion of the monastery scene at the words "Guerra e Pace."

AT the Metropolitan, where, of course the edulcorated version of "Boris" by Rimsky (and that in an excised state) holds sway, Mr. Chaliapin is in scornful verity monarch of all he surveys. His performance in the role, so far as we are concerned, is just about the greatest bit of enactment to be seen on any stage today. It is impossible to justly convey in commentary the magical inspiration with which he endows every moment that is blessed with his presence. The emotional catharsis that Mr. Chaliapin brings about in this is like nothing else in the artistic existence of this time. To the eye and ear alike he is ruler of all the Russias, but, like L'Homme qui rit, he is first of all a man. And when Mr. Chaliapin is as hair-raisingly fired with the spirit of creation as he was on the occasions of which we speak the abject reviewer must crawl aside with a curse for the impotency of paltrified verbiage. If "Boris" is to be a one-man-show—we have about reached a state of resignation on this point—Mr. Chaliapin is the man for it.

The choral contingent last week was in slightly more digestible form than usual, being, in fact, not more than a thousand miles from what Moussorgsky conceived at any time during the performance. The forest scene—and the Almighty, it seems to us, might have been less miserly with his snow during it—went with rather more virility than usual. The ensembles, on the whole, bore evidence of a certain fruitfulness in rehearsal that has been conspicuous by its absence in late years. There still remains, nevertheless, a flabbiness in rhythm, a general lack of pointed impulse, that has an emasculating effect on the opera's most full blooded invention.

The cast for the second performance was bettered considerably in its only change from the previous week's list,

the substitution of Mme. Julia Claussen for Miss Marion Telva, as Marina. Mme. Claussen contrived to lend immeasurably more of style and distinction to the Polish damsel than Miss Telva found possible. Otherwise the personnel was identical, with Mr. Ezio Pinza in glorious voice as Pimenn, Mr. Armand Tokatyan as a somewhat ineffectual Dmitri, Mr. Bada his usual dependable Shuisky, and Miss Ina Bourskaya as an excellent Innkeeper. Mmes. Thalia Sabanieeva, as Teodoro, and Ellen Dalossy, as Xenia, contributed approximately nothing.

Mr. Vincenzo Bellezza conducted to the best of ability, which was not, unfortunately, sufficient to the matter at hand. Mr. Bellezza weakens the innately vital lines of Moussorgsky by conferring upon them Italianate contours that fit the subject evilly. His tempi in "Boris," with few exceptions, are conscientiously unjust; they achieve exactly that shade of erroneousness that unbalances its musical phraseology. He permits of the most undisciplined rhythmic forms in his orchestra and sponsors, without apparent objections, tonal quality of the raggedest manufacture. It is obvious that Mr. Bellezza is simply out of his element in "Boris," for he speaks its message with a whale of an accent. The more's the pity, for an artist who is fully worthy of the name has no element. He has elements.

IN ADDITION to furnishing the eye-minded with a grand exhibition of tableaux vivants, Mr. Eugene Goossens, appearing as guest conductor with the Philadelphia Orchestra on March 5th, did a real service in supplying the season with one of its few bearable novelties. A Carnegie Hall congregation seemed pleased with the premiered work—a suite from Lord Berners' ballet "The Triumph of Neptune."

Unlike the majority of his contemporaries, whatever their talents, Lord Berners is content to be more or less unprolific in his musical output, and he has revealed himself primarily as a sort of monocled Satie in his predilection for tonal drolleries. By writing a "Funeral March for a Rich Aunt" and some "Valses Bourgeoises" his lordship may have laid himself open to charges of dishonoring the peerage or something. The nobility should really have no worries on this score, however, since Lord Berners' whimsies are always aristocratic; their witticisms are not designed for stomach laughs.

"The Triumph of Neptune," written to a genial and mildly insane scenario by Sacheverell Sitwell, is the most important contribution from Lord Berners that we have heard, and the most clearly individual. Music that is exhilaratingly well grounded in common sense, it is confident in its movement, and the orchestral technic through which it makes its appeal is a stunning one. Sitwell's book—it would be profitless to synopsise it here—allows of considerable humor and naivete, which Berners has realized healthily and with a certain unforced naturalness that is not too often met with in this day of salty irony in music. The opportunity to know this work more familiarly would be relished by this observatory.

Otherwise Mr. Goossens occupied himself with a rather fierce performance of Brahms' E minor Symphony, a good one of Balakireff's "Islamey" as it has been destructively transcribed for orchestra by Casella, and the dance suite from De Falla's "Sombrero de Tres Picos."

*Reviews of Other New York Music Appear on
Pages 40, 48 and 50 of This Issue.*



WHAT OF "STREET SCENE" AS OPERA?

From an article in the New York Times by Olin Downes

THE announcement that Deems Taylor was working on an opera based on Elmer Rice's "Street Scene" has called forth discussion from the critical fraternity on the possibilities of that stage play as opera. We take the liberty of quoting Olin Downes in the New York Times. Mr. Downes, in part, says:

"It is heartening to find that there are American audiences willing, yea, eager, thus to look at the truth in however veristic and terrible form. But how about the audiences of opera? Have opera audiences—Metropolitan audiences, let us say—equal capacities? . . .

"'Street Scene' is the grim and intensely pitiful but laconic portrayal of the futility, the horror, of life that poverty makes an unchangeable prison house. If the theme should be adapted in any of the current styles a good drama would be spoiled. If the libretto should follow closely the dialogue, it would not furnish an opera at all, but a play with incidental music. But Mr. Taylor has a love scene of a truly poetic character, eminently susceptible of musical treatment, in the last moments of his first act—a scene of confession that is not spoken, but the truer

IN THE light of some additional information, received just as this issue goes to press, it appears that the editorial on page thirteen is not strictly in accordance with the facts. For I learn that Eusebius Godfrey Hood did not, as the editorial states, remain supervisor of music in the public schools of Nashua, N. H., for the duration of his life. In 1927, at the age of 61, he was summarily dismissed from his post by the school board. Some time later, public opinion induced the board to grant him what may, by courtesy, be called a pension—an annual sum insufficient to sustain life. Reinald Werrenrath, one of his closest friends, gave a benefit recital for him in Boston, and on the proceeds of this he lived the remaining months of his life.

None of this, of course, alters my estimate of the importance of Hood's life work. My opinion of Nashua is all that has changed.

DEEMS TAYLOR
March 22, 1929 Editor

and the more touching for a few awkward phrases and a frightened caress—and he has other moments of obvious lyrical expansion. . . .

"These vexed matters, after all, are happily the concern of Mr. Taylor and his fellow workers. What makes his adventure so interesting and indeed momentous is the nature of his theme and its wholly American character. These are scenes, this is a drama, based, of course, upon a fundamental human problem, which would be just as real and pressing in Budapest as in New York City. Yet it is a subject of utterly national origin, and would be recognized for that, wherever it was given and in whatever language. "The King's Henchman" has no reality of place or time. "Street Scene" could come from no other people than ours, and no other time than this one. Mr. Taylor has told there will be jazz, but not constantly jazz, and seldom jazz used for purposes only of jest or festivity . . . Daring greatly, Mr. Taylor is properly reticent of details. We quote from a recent communication: 'What will it be like? Well, what it won't be like is Jonny Spielt Auf.'"

NEW YORK MUSIC

Marguerite D'Alvarez

MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ gave her only New York song recital of the season to a fashionable and large audience in Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, March 15.

She opened her program with four old songs—Lully's "Bois Epais," the anonymous eighteenth century "L'Amour de moi," "Handel's "Affani del Pensier," and Weckerlin's arrangement of "Maman, dites moi." Next came a group of lieder containing Strauss' "Allerseelen," two expressively sung love songs of Eric Wolff—the fragile "Du bist so jung" and "Alle Dinge," and Schubert's Ave Maria. The third and fourth groups brought the more recent songs in which Mme. D'Alvarez excels, songs of strong mood or vivid pictorial content. Rachmaninoff she always sings well, and on this occasion her choice fell upon "In the Silence of the Night." John Ireland's "Sea Fever" and Rhené-Baton's "Serenade Melancholique" found favor, and Ravel's "Ballad to a Child" could never have been sung with more tenderness or repose. Encores were Debussy's "La Chevelure," and the Negro work-song "Water-Boy." Four Spanish songs by Nin, Schindler, Turina, and Chapi concluded the list, "Senor Platero" and the seductive "Los Hijos del Zebedeo" being repeated. Long applause brought the Seguidilla from "Carmen," and finally the Habanera, prefaced by the remark: "I sang it last just to make you all wait."

Few singers express emotion so effectively as does Mme. D'Alvarez; consequently everything she touches has vital interest and is alive. Her voice is one of great natural beauty and power, but her use of it is far from exemplary. *Pianissimi* notes are clear, but louder tones are often harsh and veiled. Yet whatever may be their fault, they are always charged with color matched to the text of the song.

A. P. D.

Zdenka Ticharich

MAKING her New York debut in the Town Hall on March 11, Zdenka Ticharich, Hungarian pianist, began her program with four unfamiliar pieces—an anonymous Concerto in C arranged for piano by Bach; a Sonata in A by Paradisi, a sixteenth century "Italiana" with interesting abrupt harmonies; a Gagliarda by Vincenzo Galilei, father of the astronomer, and a Sonata in C by Domenico Scarlatti.

The Concerto showed a sympathy with contrapuntal music, and the Scarlatti Sonata a facile technic. In romantic music the pianist was less at home, because her playing was somewhat deficient in color. Mendelssohn's Sonata in G minor seemed pale and static. Liszt's "Funerailles" was handled with a big tone, and was loudly applauded, as was also his dreamy little "Valse oubliée." The overlong program was concluded with a group containing Mme. Ticharich's own Suite, Kodaly's "Chanson populaire hongroise," Bartok's "Canon—Danse," and Debussy's "Minstrels."

Mme. Ticharich has acquired an excellent technic under such teachers as Busoni and Schreker, and she is still too occupied with it to give her imagination free rein. Two little bad habits she could easily eliminate are blurring passages with the damper pedal, and a tendency to quickened rhythm just before rapid or difficult measures.

A. P. D.

"Lohengrin"

THE performance of "Lohengrin" at the Metropolitan on Saturday afternoon, March 16, was noteworthy because of the casting. Gertrude Kappel assumed for the first time in New York the role of Ortrud, which almost invariably falls to the lot of a contralto or mezzo-soprano, and the choice was judicious. The music lies well for her voice and she sang it with conviction; high notes were full and bright, and low tones warm and rich.

Grete Stuckgold was an unusually poetic Elsa; her youth and personal beauty charmed the eye, and her voice in lyrical moments had a sympathetic quality which, however, was lost in forced *forte* passages. Rudolf Laubenthal's singing of Lohengrin showed a gratifying freedom in voice production, and his acting was of a routinized excellence. Clarence Whitehill gave his customary impressive Telramund, Arnold Gabor sang the Herald's music, and Michael Bohnen that of the King. Artur Bodanzky's orchestra played particularly well, the strings especially showing to advantage in the preludes. The chorus, however, was more unconcerned than usual in its stage department.

A. P. D.

Ernesto Vallejo

ERNESTO VALLEJO, a Philippine violinist still in his teens, gave a concert in the Town Hall on March 14, sponsored by the Bureau of Insular Affairs. He has had excellent training under Kneisel and Sascha Jacobsen. His tone is large and warm and often bold; his technic is sure, and in certain music his interpretative insight showed real personality. His reading of Brahms' Sonata in A was somewhat too serious and meditative; but the Symphonie Espagnole of Lalo aroused the artist's showmanship. An arrangement of "On Wings of Song" was not



good, because the violinist did not play the melody serenely enough, while the accompaniment was elaborated with too many rippling arpeggi, destroying the mood of the original song. So far, Mr. Vallejo excels in virtuoso music. Louis Greenwald played fine accompaniments.

A. P. D.

Antoni Sala

ANTONI SALA'S New York debut recital on March 4 in the Town Hall showed that Spain has again given to the world a 'cellist of the first rank. Mr. Sala's work is singularly free from all elements of self-display, is modest, and sober in mood. His tone is not large nor sensuous, but it has strength, transparency, and variety; his technic is reliable, and his interpretations are those of a serious, conscientious artist.

A Sonata by John Ireland, announced as having its first New York performance, seemed a dull work; but Faure's Elegie was played with an organ-like tone; a Boccherini-Kreisler Allegretto had clean staccati, and as much gaiety as the low pitch of the 'cello allowed; and Bach's Arioso was so contemplative that many in the audience unconsciously assumed a relaxed but thoughtful attitude. The program began with a Sonata by Porpora and Trinciklir's Andante-Allegro. A Popper item later in the evening, in this case the "Vito," was inevitable.

A. P. D.

John Charles Thomas

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, on Sunday afternoon, February 24, at Town Hall, gave such a concert as to cause those who had previously formed unfavorable opinions of the singer to capitulate. Mr. Thomas has undoubtedly arrived at a position of eminence among concert artists, and it is to his great credit that he still retains the attention and good will of an audience that has obviously followed him on his upward course. His baritone voice is now in excellent condition—the scale is uncommonly smooth, and the easily produced tone has a robust, resonant, manly ring. The opening group had Rosa's "Star vicino," Carissimi's "Vittori, mio core," Brahms' "Erinnerung," Strauss' "Ruhe, meine Seele" and "Cäcelie," with Grieg's "Ein Schwan" as the encore. His second group had Fermin's Elégie, the fine lilting "Me Suis Mise en Danse" (arranged by Bax), Duparc's "Lamento," a recitative and air from Massenet's "Roi de Lahore," and curiously enough, the Serenade from "Don Giovanni," sung in French. This last pleased and part of it was repeated. The remaining aria was Iago's Credo from "Otello," which the singer made dramatically convincing. The encore, "La Maison grise," gave an opportunity for the use of the beautiful *mezza voce*. The final group brought the ballads that many had

(Continued on page 48)

THE BETTER RECORDS

MENGELBERG BLOWS HIS TRUMPET AND COLUMBIA COMES HOME TO GLORY

By Thomas Compton

A VAST quantity of water seems to have slopped over the dykes in the interval, but the turning of the crank handle being more or less a labour of love we have worn ourselves out, with becoming humility, and, on the whole, have enjoyed it. So without further ado let us get down to a few belated acknowledgements. For instance:

Mengelberg arrives from two camps almost simultaneously. Last month Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, came from Victor to be followed almost immediately by Tchaikovsky's Fifth, by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, as an addition to Columbia's Masterworks Sets. This brings up the question as to whether or not it would have been the better part of valour to let the amalgamated New York Orchestras wait a season before going on permanent record. If it was impossible to restrain them, however, the selection seems to be the safest they could have made. When Mengelberg plays the piece which Strauss dedicated to him the critics say he is either "riding his old war horse" or "beating a dead donkey." When recording this he was evidently in a militant mood. The Philharmonic-Symphony is expected to add much to our entertainment from now on.

Being odious, comparisons are after our own heart. The Columbia album is something in which to revel. A lusty performance kept at uniform level and recorded in a manner we are beginning to associate with the rich blue label of this concern.

Another recent orchestral release from Victor is the Leonore Overture, No. 3, on four sides, directly from under the baton of Hertz. The precedent established in the Tristan Prelude and Liebestod is honoured again. At one spot the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra discs invariably go unintelligible. Surely it cannot be the climate this time!

Columbia have also passed on two new sets by the Royal Philharmonic under Felix Weingartner. During Mozart's E flat there comes a tendency in the audience to call for a little more levity and the desire is completely ignored. But in Brahms' First there is majesty and Brahms and not a disappointing revolution. This is the album which will rest for the meantime on the mantle-piece, under the portrait of "The Notorious Mr. X" where it can be easily found.

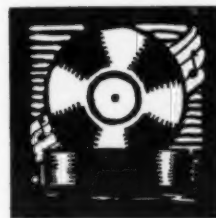
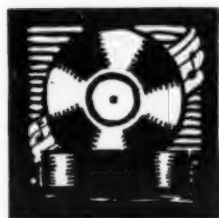
When Andres Segovia performs in concert, a warm, wondering and thankful glow suffuses the tired portions of our anatomy. We have a vastly good time and ooze benedictions and thanks. On the musical box it is a different matter—or is it? The children keep on asking when the singing is going to begin and are desperately disillusioned when told that this is a

solo and not an accompaniment. The clever little needle which so successfully harnesses augmented symphony orchestras is very unfair to the guitar, or seems to be. Perhaps this is just another example of the crying need for television. Still, for all the emaciation, Segovia's skill and agility are there if their result lacks much of its original tone.

In the thin old days of mica diaphragms there existed a family joke. One enthusiastic infant brought home three records. One was by Emmy Destinn and the others purported to preserve the voice of Leo Slezak. They were never heard. Destinn, breaking into Muzetta's confession of faith on E, tossed the soundbox out of the groove and the giant Slezak cracked it. So the announcement that Polydor had turned out six double-sides of Slezak and a piano failed to amuse us—until they were tired. Then—O frabjous day—we nearly disgraced ourselves. In lieder of Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Loewe and Hildach the wily old lion shows what he has learned in a long career. With a thoroughly sympathetic accompanist he has the time of his life . . . two more of them and we would have broken down. Perhaps Schumann's "Der Nussbaum" and "Die Mondnacht," by some accident on the same disc, are the best of an entirely joyous sextette of doubles.

Number 43 in the Victor Musical Masterpieces is most refreshing. One blushes to remember the distant days when we waved our expressive hands and insisted that the reproduced tinkle of a piano could never be more than a banjo suffering from malnutrition. Reviewing memories after hearing the two Chopin Etudes slip off the fingers of Wilhelm Bachaus shows what a clever age this is. His Master's Voice imitates a piano better each time it tries. Not that they stand alone on this score. Thanks to Columbia, we now have Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" and G Minor Sonata, remarkably etched and played to match by Percy Grainger. If the state of the market requires that you choose between these, the titles must be your guide—as usual.

ON THE heels of the Metropolitan's "Egyptian Helen," for better or worse, come four selections. Odeon has the honour to present Rose Pauly-Dreesen in "Bei jener Nacht" and "Zweite Brautnacht! Zaubernacht!" whilst Parlophone has distributed some impressions of Helen's Awakening and The Funeral March passages by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra under Fritz Busch. We remain unimpressed. The recording is up to scratch—Parlophone collectors may understand what that means—and the performances good. But these are pieces for the great out-of-doors. Pauly-Dreesen, her throat somewhat steeled by just this sort of thing, does a gallantly correct job. The Awakening is





A STIRRING SCENE FROM THE MILITANT DAYS OF 1917-18—MEMBERS OF THE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS RECRUITING CORPS HELPING TO BRING ABOUT THE

KAISER'S DOWNFALL BY SMASHING GERMAN DISC RECORDS. SECOND FROM THE RIGHT IS MABEL GARRISON, OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

worth it, but only if you have misplaced the Siegfried "Fire Music" and worn out the old "Many Brave Hearts Are Asleep in the Deep," or "The Bell in the Light-house"—or are they the same thing?

When Pauly-Dreesen sings one is apt to enquire as to what is going forward in the orchestra. This is an old question. To what extent does *Il Teatro in Casa*, as the *La Voce del Padrone* gentlemen so delightfully call it, differ from the theatre where it belongs? Now it can be told. The H. M. V.'s "Boris Godounov" set, ten selections, is labelled: "Recorded during the actual performance at The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, July 4th, 1928, Chaliapin as Boris, with the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza." What happens? First, the music is punctuated by healthy pauses as against the mean little gaps permitted in the studio. At first, listeners leap to change the record only to be met half way across the room by a guttural curse which sends them back to their chairs in confusion. Accustomed to these one can imagine Chaliapin acting all over the top of the machine. But what is nothing like all. There is something better, which would have improved many of the recent Wagnerian discs. "Recorded during the actual performance . . . Chaliapin as Boris. . . ." and so he is. No bass flood in which a small stream of accompaniment is lost makes one forget the poor composer. The excerpts are there as Moussorgsky made them, balanced and complete. The drawbacks to this method of recording seem to be two. During "the actual performance" it would probably be impracticable to have a small boy follow the singer with a microphone to catch dramatic asides, and until something of that sort can be done there are bound to be spots almost inaudible

at the wrong moments. Also, opera houses have echoes. They are not unhappily noticeable here.

So it all amounts to this:

ORCHESTRAL

Leonore Overture, No. 3. (Beethoven) In Four Parts. Hertz and San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Victor 6906-7.

Symphony No. 1. (Brahms) In Ten Parts. Felix Weingartner and Royal Symphony Orchestra. Columbia Masterworks Set No. 103.

Symphony No. 3. (Brahms) In Ten Parts. Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-42.

Ein Heldenleben. (Richard Strauss) In Ten Parts. Willem Mengelberg and The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-44.

Egyptian Helen. (Richard Strauss) Helen's Awakening and Funeral March. Fritz Busch and The Orchestra of the State Opera House, Berlin. Parlophone (German) E-10787.

Symphony No. 5 (Tchaikovsky) In Thirteen Parts. Willem Mengelberg and Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Columbia Masterworks Set. No. 104.

Symphony No. 39. (Mozart) In Six Parts. Felix Weingartner and The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Masterworks No. 105.

(Vocal, Piano and Guitar Records Are Listed on Page 62)



ENDINGS FROM THE ETHER

BEING A LITTLE IN PRAISE AND BLAME
FOR THE GREAT UNSEEN



By David Sandow

OF ALL the qualifications reputed necessary in the radio announcer, a knowledge of music, apparently, is the least essential. In fact, if one may judge from the bewildered labors of the oral gentry, it isn't even necessary. There can be no other explanation of the atrocious mishandling of musical terminology of which the vast majority of the announcing brotherhood stands guilty. Designations and proper names seem completely alien to those who should be most conversant with them. Specific transgressions, more than enough to fill this page, and then some, come to mind. But, because of the importance of his assignment, the gentleman to whom has been entrusted the New York Philharmonic-Symphony broadcasts over WOR is selected as a case in point.

Here, if in any radio concert, proper and authentically pronounced information, concisely presented, is essential. The very natures of the forces on both sides of the microphone, (the important orchestra on the one hand and the discriminating class of listeners on the other) demand announcing of the highest order. But Lewis Reid has proved this is not within his province. He came to his task unfitted. And he has made no noticeable attempt during the course of the series to find out what it's all about. A victim of both his own incompetence and of an injudicious assignment, Mr. Reid has obviously been miscast.

If the managers of WOR stand partially responsible for the foregoing tirade, their enterprise in securing the Philharmonic Sunday concerts merits them nothing but praise. . . . And for obvious reasons. Furthermore, on a good set and reproducer, these concerts come through with as close an approximation of the original as it is technically possible to achieve. Credit for this must be split two ways. For it was not until the Symphony's board of directors, after much experimentation and labor on WOR's part, were aurally convinced of the artistic feasibility of the project, that the necessary permission to broadcast was forthcoming. The musical results have proved on the whole quite satisfactory, and an all around exchange of felicitations is now in order.

WHEN Calvin Coolidge left the White House, the manuscript stand from which he read his radio speeches went with him. The officials of the Washington station, WRC, mindful of the tradition which gives forever to the retiring President the chair in which he sat as chief executive, decided to establish a similar custom with this most important presi-

dential oratorical accessory. Consequently a committee of radio folk headed by Graham McNamee called at the White House during the inauguration flurry, and made the presentation with appropriate sentiments and the best wishes of the NBC. Mr. Coolidge, once he got over his amused surprise, responded characteristically, remarking among other things, that should the time ever come when he found himself unable to sit down, the stand would be a good place from which to eat his breakfast.

THE National Grand Opera Company won fresh honors for its escutcheon with an altogether admirable performance of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." Conducted by Cesare Sodero and sung by a typical NBC cast, the tabloid presentation, from overture to "curtain," proved about the finest of its current season. And, notwithstanding the extensive "editing," enough was included to give more than a representative exposition. The smoothness with which Mr. Sodero bridged the cuts, effecting a satisfactory homogeneity, was also worthy of mention. The troupe might essay further excursions into Mozart, say, with "Cosi Fan Tutte," to the profit of both itself and its devotees.

ERNO RAPEE and an augmented Roxy Symphony Orchestra gave an uncommonly good delineation of Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," which was included on a recent program to show the trend of this hour's attendants. As his wont, probably because he is always working against time, Mr. Rapee's tempi resulted in too fast a performance, but to quibble about this matter would be finicky. The orchestra was a revelation.

IF you have a weakness for statistics, the following culled from the *U. S. Daily* may be of interest:

More than 20,000,000 radio sets, one-half of which are in the United States, are in use throughout the world, the Department of Commerce announced March 11 as the result of an analysis of world markets for radio equipment. More than ninety-five per cent of the radio sets on the North American continent are in the United States.

The survey also takes account of the regulation of radio in various countries, pointing out that outside the United States the general rule is for owners of radio sets to pay a license fee to their respective governments, the amounts running as low as five cents in France to \$18 in Salvador.

PLANS announced by the Atwater Kent Foundation for its next national radio audition assure tuition awards to all the ten finalists, five boys and five girls, instead of but to the winners of the first three places, the procedure followed in the previous competitions. The monetary appropriation has also been increased, a total of \$25,000 permitting the extension of more substantial solace to the winners of third, fourth, and fifth places. The new scale provides for \$5,000 to each of the first prize winners and for \$3,000, \$2,000, \$1,500 and \$1,000 to the others according to their ultimate ranking. Two year scholarships will be given to the \$5,000 winners, and one year grants to the rest. The Foundation's third quest for the best amateur young singers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five gets under way during the coming summer, culminating in the final audition to be held in New York some time in December.

SIGRID ONEGIN joined the long list of artists heard in the Atwater Kent Hour when she sang for the first time under this sponsor's colors on St. Patrick's Day. A great voice, a sound art, and a program not entirely worthy of either—these were the main impressions left after Mme. Onegin had signed off with a rather impulsive curtain speech.

AFTER an honorable service of nearly two years, the Columbia System's Symphonic Hour has been forced to walk the plank to broadcasting oblivion. According to a CBS prospectus, "A new hour called the Ballad Hour. . . . will permanently replace the Symphonic Hour. . . . This hour is to be one of light music and popular pieces after the salon manner." And, that to coin a phrase, is that.

SPONSORS of the Littmann Hour over WABC have shown rare self-abnegation by electing to omit all commercial blurbs until after the conclusion of the last musical number on the program. Now, if only a few more sponsors would have the (business) sense to follow suit. . . .

IN his second appearance "At the Baldwin," Walter Giesecking will play a program to be selected by pianists, teachers and piano students, including one number each by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg and Chopin. Requests should be received not later than April 8 by the Baldwin Piano Company, 20 East 54 Street, or by Station WJZ, New York. This appearance, which will be Mr. Giesecking's last until the season of 1931, will take place over the NBC System, on April 14, at 7:30 p. m.



ALBERT SPALDING

His dulcet tones recently reached the Great Millions via the Vitaphone Hour

Drawing by Violet Oakley

RADIO

THE TURN OF THE DIAL

MONDAY, MARCH 25.

9:30 p. m. Editha Fleischer, soprano, and Alfio Tedesco, tenor; chorus and orchestra in operatic program. General Motors Hour. NBC System.

11 p. m. "Carmen;" tabloid version. The National Grand Opera Company. NBC System.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26

8 p. m. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in concert program. WLW.

9 p. m. The Russian Cathedral Choir of New York and symphony orchestra. Eveready Hour. NBC System.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27.

5 p. m. The Hallelujah Singers and Dorothy Kendrick, pianist, in the National Music League's concert. NBC System.

10 p. m. Kolster Symphony Orchestra and string quartet. Massenet's "Scenes Picturesque," the finale of Saint-Saens' A minor Symphony and numbers by Mozart, Wagner and Poldini. CBS.

10 p. m. Concert version of "Pagliacci" by The Continentals. NBC System.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28.

10 p. m. The Bamberger Little Symphony. Mozart, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Handel, Gluck, Kreisler and Delibes. WOR.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

4 p. m. Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Smetana's symphonic poem, "Vetava," the ballet music from "Prince Igor" and other works in the Pacific Little Symphony's program. NBC System.

7 p. m. Milady's Musicians in Scarlatti program. Harpsichordist, soprano and string quartet. NBC System.

10 p. m. Bach's "The Passion According to St. Matthew" by the Salon Singers and concert orchestra. NBC System.

10:30 p. m. Gaul's Passion Service. Mixed octet and organ. NBC System.

11 p. m. "Parsifal," tabloid version. National Grand Opera Company. NBC System.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

6:20 p. m. Dr. Josef Lemaire's Metropolitan Ensemble. Greig, Delibes, Herbert, MacDowell, Waldteufel and Leoncavallo. WOR.

9 p. m. General Electric Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor. Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, excerpts from Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite and numbers by Saint-Saens and Berlioz. NBC System.

11 p. m. Handel, Bach, Bizet, Schubert. The Slumber Hour. NBC System.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31

12:30 p. m. The American Pro-Art String Quartet. Haydn's Quartet No. 76. NBC System.

1 p. m. Concert Artists' Hour. Music

by Schubert, Wagner, Chopin, Rachmaninoff and others. Vocal soloists and orchestra. NBC System.

3 p. m. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. WOR.

4 p. m. American Composers Program, direction Marie Damrosch. Cadman's "Thunderbird" Suite and Nevin's "A Day in Venice." NBC System.

7:30 p. m. Hilda Burke, soprano, Alexandre Gretchaninoff, composer, and the Baldwin Singers in At the Baldwin. Negro spirituals, Beethoven, Mascagni, Brahms, Chopin and Gretchaninoff. NBC System.

9:15 p. m. Paul Kochanski, violinist, and Alexander Brailowsky, pianist. Josef Pasternack and symphony orchestra. Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System.

10:15 p. m. Mozart's Requiem. Soloists and orchestra, Cesare Sodero, conductor. NBC System.

MONDAY, APRIL 1.

10:30 p. m. Sullivan program by the United Choral Singers. CBS.

11 p. m. Tamaki Miura in the title role of Franchetti's "Namiko San." National Grand Opera Company with the composer conducting. NBC System.

TUESDAY, APRIL 2.

8 p. m. Genia Fonariova, soprano, and concert orchestra. Gomez, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Saint-Saens. NBC System.

10 p. m. Pan-American Union Concert. CBS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3.

7 p. m. Works by Sullivan, Richard Strauss, Bizet, and Herbert in Rosalie Wolf's song recital. Orchestra assisting. NBC System.

7:35 p. m. Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg, pianist, in Chopin program. NBC System.

10 p. m. The Continentals. Concert version of "Cavalleria Rusticana." NBC System.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4.

10:30 p. m. National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Musicale. Milton J. Cross, tenor; Douglas Stanbury, baritone; Godfrey Ludlow, violinist, and Miss Gainsborg. Concert program. NBC System.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5.

4 p. m. The Pacific Little Symphony. NBC System.

7 p. m. Milady's Musicians. Chamber music program. NBC System.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

6 p. m. The Chorus of the Society of the Friends of Music. WOR.

8 p. m. Edwin Franko Goldman and his band. NBC System.

9 p. m. Walter Damrosch and the General Electric Orchestra. NBC System.

SUNDAY, APRIL 7.

1 p. m. Concert Artists Hour. NBC System.

3 p. m. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. WOR.

4 p. m. Sacred numbers by standard composers in the Cathedral Hour. CBS.

7:30 p. m. The Baldwin Hour. Richard Benelli. NBC System.

8 p. m. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. WOR.

9:15 p. m. Concert program in the Atwater Kent Hour. NBC System.

MONDAY, APRIL 8.

11 p. m. The National Grand Opera Company. NBC System.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9.

8 p. m. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. WLW.

10 p. m. Concert by students of the Curtis Institute of Music. CBS.

11 p. m. The Slumber Hour. NBC System.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10.

5 p. m. The National Music League Concert. NBC System.

10 p. m. Operatic excerpts by The Continentals. NBC System.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11.

10 p. m. The Bamberger Little Symphony. WOR.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12.

4 p. m. The Pacific Little Symphony Orchestra. NBC System.

11 p. m. The Slumber Hour.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

8 p. m. Concert by the Goldman Band. NBC System.

9 p. m. Symphonic program by the General Electric Orchestra. NBC System.

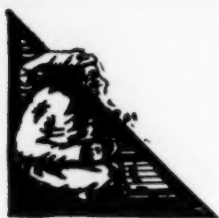
SUNDAY, APRIL 14.

7:30 p. m. Walter Gieseking in second Baldwin appearance. One number each by Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Grieg selected from requests will constitute the program. NBC System.

10 p. m. Charles Hackett and Rudolph Ganz in De Forest Hour. For other broadcasts on this date refer to list for Sunday, April 7.

"FIRST TIMES" LISTED BY JUILLIARD

First performances of Werner Josten's Concerto Sacro for string orchestra and piano, and the Concerto Academico for violin by Vaughan Williams are announced for the concert to be given by the orchestra of the Juilliard Graduate School of Music in the Town Hall, New York, on March 27.



PERSONALITIES

ACTIVITIES OF ARTISTS FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN



PHYLLIS EILEENE BARRY, Chicago 'cellist, broadcast a program from the Italian Government Station, EIAR, at Rome on February 27. Miss Barry has been studying in Italy for several years and will complete her course at the Royal Academy of Santa Cecilia in May. After touring the Continent she will return to America in July. Miss Barry has composed several numbers for the 'cello, some of which have been published in Italy.

MME. PILAR-MORIN entertained guests in her studio recently, presenting one of her pupils, Ethel Fox, a member of the San Carlo Opera Company, in excerpts from "La Boheme" and "Manon" in costume. By request, Mme. Pilar-Morin appeared in a dramatic episode called "Rachel" and some monologues.

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN will leave Seattle on March 30 to make a concert tour of Alaska. Arrangements have been made for him to appear at Katchikan, Juneau, Petersburg, Skagway, Wrangell and Prince Rupert. Florence Beeler, mezzo-contralto of Seattle, will be the assisting artist. En route to Alaska, he will concertize in Montana and Oregon.

MIECZYSLAW MUNZ, after completing his seventh consecutive tour of America, sails to Europe on the Ile de France. He will return in November for another series of engagements under the management of Haensel and Jones.

BERTA GARDINI REINER has accepted an invitation from the Ohio Music Teachers' Association to conduct a master class during the combined conventions of the Federated Music Club and the Music Teachers of Ohio, to be held in Columbus from April 9 to 12.

THEODOR SALMON, pianist and teacher, formerly of San Francisco, arrived in Honolulu recently to take up residence here.

MARION TELVA will be heard as Dalila in a concert version of "Samson et Dalila" at the Ann Arbor Festival on May 25. She is also booked for an appearance in Troy, N. Y., on April 18.

G. D. CUNNINGHAM, English organist, was announced to start on a trans-continental tour on February 9. Recitals have been announced for Utica, Chicago, Colorado Springs, Ogden, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Palo Alto, San Jose, Los Angeles, Montreal and New York.

MARY CAMPBELL, soprano and vocal teacher at the Melba Conservatory, Melbourne, is visiting Honolulu.

GEORGE BARRERE and His Little Symphony will be under the direction of Concert Management Arthur Judson for the coming season.

RALPH LEOPOLD was heard in a piano recital in Defiance, Ohio, on March 4, in the Defiance Artist and Conservatory Series. He played compositions by Bach-Tausig, Chopin, Schytte, Arensky, Rachmaninoff and Wagner-Leopold.

RICHARD CROOKS will sing in Cleveland on April 10 as tenor soloist with the Orpheus Male Chorus. His other spring engagements include a joint recital with Marion Telva in Troy, N. Y., on April 10.

LOUISE ARNOUX, mezzo-soprano, who specializes in the presentation of folk songs in costume, was scheduled to begin another Canadian tour on St. Valentine's Day, appearing in Quebec, Lachine, Rimouski and Montreal.

ESTHER BLANKENBURG, formerly of Hartford and Waterbury, has been engaged by Concert Direction Annie Friedberg to act as her assistant and travelling representative.

MARGARET COOK SQUIBB, who has been studying piano for several years with Marguerite Melville Liszewska at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, was soloist at a popular concert of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, playing Saint-Saens' G minor Concerto under the baton of Vladimir Bakaleinikoff. Miss Squibb is the third of Mme. Liszewska's pupils to have appeared with the Cincinnati Symphony, the other two being Karl Young, now engaged at the Cleveland Institute, and Selma Davidson of San Diego, Cal.

CLARENCE DICKINSON dedicated the new organ in the Old First Reformed Church, Brooklyn, on Feb. 8. He played five Bach numbers and music by Purcell, Rinck, Cesar Franck and Sinding, and the Intermezzo from his own "Storm King" Symphony.

E. ROBERT SCHMITZ left New York on the De Grasse February 14 for a five weeks' tour of Holland, Italy and France. He will return to the United States during May and the first part of June before taking up his master class in Denver the middle of June.

FREDERIC BAER has been engaged for the Oberlin, Ohio, Spring Festival on March 26 to sing the bass and baritone roles in Pierne's St. Francis of Assisi. Mr. Baer will have the parts of the Leper, the Voice of Christ, Friar Leon and Masseo. The Cleveland Orchestra is engaged for the Festival.



HORACE JOHNSON, AMERICAN COMPOSER, WHOSE SUITE, "IMAGERY," IS TO BE PLAYED NEXT AUGUST IN THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL UNDER THE DIRECTION OF EUGENE GOOSENS. MR. JOHNSON IS NOW AT WORK ON AN AMERICA OPERA.

TOSCANINI ACCEPTS BID FROM BAYREUTH

Arturo Toscanini will conduct at the Bayreuth Festival of 1930 at the invitation of Siegfried Wagner. He is the first leader not belonging to Central Europe thus to be honored.

Mr. Toscanini will end his New York season with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra on Monday evening, April 1. The management of La Scala has arranged a foreign tour for the opera company which necessitates the return of Mr. Toscanini to Milan by the middle of April. The Italian company will visit Berlin, where, in the State Opera, Mr. Toscanini will conduct performances of "Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Fra Gherardo," "Manon Lescaut" and "Falstaff."

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society has engaged Clemens Krauss to conduct its concerts from April 4 to 14.

Mr. Toscanini will give sixteen weeks to the Philharmonic-Symphony next season in New York, conducting all of the concerts during that period.

This year marks the completion of Mr. Toscanini's contract with La Scala. Next season he will give sixteen weeks to the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducting all its concerts during that period.



International Newsreel
ONE OF THE FIRST "OFFICIAL" ACTS OF MRS. HERBERT HOOVER WAS THE RECEPTION OF THE "OLD GRAY MARE BAND" OF TEXAS, WHICH SERENADED THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND IN THE WHITE HOUSE DOORWAY.

TOSCANINI VISITS PITTSBURGH CONDUCTS LAST CONCERTS OF ORCHESTRA ASSOCIATION

By Wm. E. Benswanger

THE final two orchestral concerts arranged by the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association were given in the Syria Mosque by the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York, Arturo Toscanini conducting. They also marked the orchestra's last visit to Pittsburgh; it is not listed on next season's attractions, although the Philharmonic Orchestra has been a regular visitor under different conductors, for many years. Mr. Toscanini's programs featured Respighi's "Feste Romane," the "Concerto dell'Estate" of Pizzetti and music by Mozart, Haydn, Debussy and Wagner.

The Y. M. & W. H. A. closed its major artists series by presenting Joseph Szigeti in a violin recital. Boris Golschmann was at the piano.

When Sigrid Onegin gave her contralto recital in Syria Mosque she sang two songs by Harvey Gaul of Pittsburgh, who accompanied her in these numbers. Fritz Hubsch was Mme. Onegin's accompanist for the bulk of her program.

A new impresario, Albert Beeves Norton, was responsible for the delightful experience of hearing the Amy Neill String Quartet in Carnegie Lecture Hall. Amy Neill, Stella Roberts, Charlotte Polak and Lois Bichl are the attractive young artists who make up this ensemble.

Concerts have been given by Ganna Walska, appearing in the William Penn Hotel under the auspices of the Woman's City Club, and by the Prague Teachers' Chorus, making its second appearance of the season. Pianists giving recitals have been Norman Frauenheim, a Pittsburgh

artist who has lately returned from Europe and who specializes in modern music; Irving Echternach, assisted by Elsie Breese Mitchell; Frank Kennedy, Kathryn Brose and Hulda Lefridge.

The P. M. I. Chorus presented "Iolanthe" in the Henry Clay Frick Auditorium. Dr. Charles N. Boyd conducted. In the cast were Chester L. Sterling, Frank Savaker, Robert Toppeing, Robert Owrey, Gertrude Clark Hartman, Jean Hollis, Grace Noden, Helen Biggs.

Making its first appearance, the Lutheran Chorus of 150 sang in the First Lutheran Church, under the direction of Homer Ochsenhirt.

Alfred Hamer gave the third and fourth of his Lenten organ recitals in Trinity Cathedral. Dr. Charles Heinroth continued his series of Lenten lecture-recitals, the subjects being "The Hand of History in Music" and "Strauss: Richard the Second."

The Tuesday Musical Club presented works by Eugene Dyrssen in Memorial Hall. Those participating were Mrs. Will Earhart, Mrs. F. F. Rohrer, Elsie M. Kimball, Harry Wirtz, Esther Edmundson, Helen Bigge, Gertrude G. Hespeneheide, Henrietta Bodycombe, Katherine R. Murray, Caroline Himmelblue, Eugene Baldrige, Roy Hodgdon, Thomas Morris, Jr., Mary Redmond, Janet Turner, Margaret W. Lee, Alyce H. Martin.

The orchestra of the North Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of Dr. Charles N. Boyd, gave a program, assisted by Elsie Breese Mitchell.

INCREASE PRIZES FOR RADIO AUDITION

For its third National Radio Audition the Atwater Kent Foundation announces larger awards, with cash prizes totalling \$25,000, instead of \$17,500, as in the last two years, and more tuition. As before, prizes will be awarded to the ten singers, five young men and five young women, chosen as district winners. The two first prize winners will receive \$5,000 each and two years' tuition in an American conservatory; the second prize winners, \$3,000 and a year's tuition each. The awards for each third, fourth and fifth prize winner are a year's tuition and \$2,000, \$1,500 and \$1,000, respectively.

Local contests, open to amateur singers between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, are to be held during the summer and early fall. The ensuing state auditions will be broadcast from a central point in each state. A man and woman will be chosen to represent each state in one of the five district contests, and the ten finalists will be heard over the air in December, with a board of noted musicians as judges. All expenses of contestants in the district and final auditions will be paid by the Foundation.

Among prominent composers represented in the J. Fischer & Bro. catalog are Franz Bornschein, Joseph W. Clokey, Gaston M. Dethier, James P. Dunn, Samuel Richards Gaines, Walter Golde, Carl McKinley, A. Walter Kramer, William Lester, Guy Maier, W. Rhys-Herbert, Lily Strickland, H. Waldo Warner, Mortimer Wilson, and Pietro A. Yon.

Under the editorship of Howard D. McKinney, J. Fischer & Bro. are now bringing out a house magazine, *Fischer Edition News*.

NEW YORK MUSIC

(Continued from page 40)

come to hear—real artistry is needed to make these interesting, and Mr. Thomas had it. These songs were Rogers' "The Time for Making Songs," Braine's "A Violet in Her Hair," Siemmon's "Ulysses," the inexorably paced "Old Skinflint" by Howells, Engel's "Sea Shell," Manning's "The Lamplighter" (in which "Au clair de la lune" was harmoniously colored to imitate an old, cracked voice a bit off tune), "Old Mother Hubbard" and several others. In "I'se Coming, Lord" the singer seemed to sense disapproval of the light treatment with which he began it, and changed to a sincere interpretation of its primitive naïveté.

A proof of the strong sympathy between the singer and his accompanist, Lester Hodges, was afforded in the "Ruhe, meine Seele." While a thoughtless late arriver was proceeding noisily down the aisle Mr. Thomas stopped, and without any indication the two artists resumed the song as if there had been no pause. Both had perfect assurance.

A. P. D.

Jeanne Dusseau

JEANNE DUSSEAU, Scotch-born Canadian soprano who was formerly with the Chicago Opera Company, gave at the Guild Theatre on Sunday evening, February 17, a concert which had an individual character, due to her selection of unusual music admirable suited to her distinctive sense of style. The opening air from "The St. Matthew Passion" was rather coldly, but sincerely sung. Then followed a Sonata-Vocalise for voice and piano by Medtner, announced as a first American performance. This number opens with a motto from Goethe, followed by a long wordless vocalise exercising the voice from top to bottom; there are no sustained melodies, but arresting contrasting rhythms and harmonies. Its efficacy as a vocalise was attested by the ease with which Mme. Dusseau was singing at its conclusion. A later group had six songs of Medtner—in German, "Elegie" and "Der Karren des Lebens," and in English, "When My Glances," "To a Dreamer," "The Fountain" and "Prelude."

Mme. Dusseau has a voice of the French type—the tone is clear, firm, and bright, especially in the upper range, with a forward placement and considerable nasal resonance. It is pleasing in quality and volume, and under reliable, intelligent control.

A. P. D.

Bach Cantata Club

THE Bach Cantata Club, sponsored by the Oxford University Press and founded for the purpose of giving recitals of the cantatas and instrumental works of Bach, gave its second recital at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, February 20. Dr. T. Tertius Noble, organist of the church, played a relatively unfamiliar Fantasia in G major, the majestic Prelude and Fugue in B minor, and the well-contrasted choral pre-

ludes, "Wachet auf," "Durch Adam's Fall," and "Erbarm' Dich mein, O Herr Gott." The St. Thomas Church choir sang the chorales, "All Glory, Laud, and Honor," "Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring," "Awake, Thou Wintry Earth" and "O Light of Life." Another of their numbers was Psalm CXXI, arranged from Cantatas No. 37 and 71 by Ivor Atkins and J. Michael Diack. Randall Jaquillard, boy soprano, sang the aria, "Jesus Saviour, I Am Thine" from "The St. Matthew Passion," followed by the chorale "Receive Me, My Redeemer," with the chorus. The boy has a voice of fine quality, but he had difficulty in sustaining the long phrases, and, not surprisingly, his conception of the music was hardly mature.

The acoustics of St. Thomas's make it a poor place for recital purposes. Reverberating echoes destroy the clarity which is so essential to Bach performances. But a Bach-hungry public is thankful for the opportunity to listen to seldom-heard works under any conditions.

A. P. D.

"Tales of Hoffmann"

THE tuneful, but aging "Tales of Hoffmann" came back into the Metropolitan repertory for the first time of the season on February 21. Mr. Tokatyán, in the name part, is a singer who invariably wins loud applause; he undoubtedly is dependable, but for some of us his tone is too heady and nasal to be pleasant. Merle Alcock sang well and looked handsome as Nicklausse. Nina Morgana sang and acted the part of the Doll in a charmingly artificial, mechanical manner; her coloratura was clear, though at times below pitch. Dorothee Manski, replacing Leonora Corona, neither in appearance nor voice suggested the Venetian courtesan Giulietta—she lacked opulence. Miss Bori's beauty and personal magnetism, her exquisite vocalism and grace of action as the pathetic, frightened Antonia, and Mr. Rother's well-drawn Gallic caricature as Dr. Miracle gave the only touches of distinction to the evening's work.

A. P. D.

"La Rondine"

FOR those opera-goers who want to be entertained rather than impressed, the return of Puccini's "La Rondine" to the Metropolitan's current repertoire on March 7 was welcome. The brilliant cast of pre-

vious performances has been retained to everybody's satisfaction. Lucrezia Bori sings and acts Magda with consummate delicacy and appeal, and brings real pathos to the last act of renunciation. The lyricism of Ruggero is congenial to Beniamino Gigli; and high spirits make Editha Fleischer and Armand Tokatyán suited to the roles of the maid and the poet. Pavel Ludikar was duly patronizing as Ramaldo. Others in the large cast were Mmes. Ryan, Falco, Alcock, Parisette, Wells and Flexer, and MM. Picco, Paltrinieri, and Wolfe. Vincenzo Bellezza superintended the good work of the orchestra.

A. P. D.

August Werner

AUGUST WERNER, formerly an architect and a recent Walter W. Naumburg Musical Foundation prize winner, who gave a recital in the Town Hall, March 6, has a light baritone voice of pleasing quality, with upper tones suggesting a tenor's *timbre*. It is well schooled, but Mr. Werner is still conscious of technical problems, and consequently cannot devote his full attention to interpretations. His diction is exceptionally clear.

Mr. Werner began with Handel arias—"Lascia ch'io piango" in which he showed a neat style and restrained emotion; "Ch'io mai vi possa" given with the requisite lightness, and "Dank sie Dir, Herr" handled with ample breath for the long sustained phrases. Brahms' "Minnelied," "Ein Wanderer," and "Standchen," and Strauss' "Breit uber mein Haupt" and "Allerseelen" were sung rather dryly; an encore was the Serenade from "Don Giovanni." A group of English songs contained the old "Have you but seen the Whyte Lillie Grow?" (with an excellently managed run, and a fine bit of *mezza voce*); MacDowell's "The Sea," and Lily Strickland's pseudo-Asiatic "Song of the Afghan Exile." In conclusion came the Swedish "Melodi" by Rangstrom and songs in the artist's native Norwegian—Grieg's "The Tryst," Lie's "Snow," in which the lyrical mood was well sustained; Lange-Muller's fine Serenade, and Sinding's "Amber and Fest."

Pierre Luboshutz played capable but rather disinterested accompaniments.

A. P. D.

Chamber Music Society

THE final Sunday salon of the New York Chamber Music Society was given on March 17, presenting the Rhapsody-Divertissement which Aurelio Giorni has written especially for this organization; Albert Stoessel's Suite Antique in which Mrs. Stoessel and the composer assisted as violin soloists; a Fugal Concerto by Gustav Holst; and the Brahms Quintet in F minor.

Mr. Giorni's work is well scored but uninteresting modernistic writing. It has no form, no melody and resembles a freight

(Concluded on page 50)



LYNNWOOD FARNAM

TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR

JANUARY and FEBRUARY 1930

Dec. 18, '28

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Bach on Sixth Avenue: the Complete Organ Works of the Master in a Notable Series

Organ recital by Lynnwood Farnam at the Church of the Holy Communion, No. 7 Twentieth Street, the series of twenty programs offering the entire organ literature of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Program

1. "To God We Render Thanks and Praise" ("Lob sei dem Allmächtigen Gott.")
2. Toccata and Fugue in E major.
3. Three Chorale Preludes on "From Above to Earth I Come."
4. "Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her" ("From Above.") ("Vom Himmel Hoch.")
5. Trio-Sonata No. 4, in E minor.
6. Adagio Vivace-Andante-Un poco
7. Two Chorale Preludes on "Herrn Schiffe the Morning Star."
8. "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern" (a) G major, theme in Fugue (b) G major, four voices
9. "Good Christian Men Rejoice" ("Wir Christenleute")
10. Trio in G minor, then
11. Prelude and Fugue in B

"This person," who lives a century in his famous "Hinterland," celebrated for his use of canon, as well as on the use of the pedals. It, but the "pedal" spoke thus to the poster of almost an instrument of the future of the shape and sound. John, in other words, Johann Sebastian Bach.

Alone among the older masters, at his greatest speaks to the modern mind with a voice that comes to us as our very own, intimately near and vibrant, discoursing of everlasting things—of birth and death and grief and love and faith—in a tongue that we most movingly comprehend. Standing close to us, and yet beyond us, in tenderness and immensity, he draws round us at his greatest that "wind-warm space" which the mystics and the seers

Music of the Bach Cantatas, or the church

BACH AT NEW YEAR'S

Dec. 30, '28

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

IT IS impossible to study Bach with a mind free from prepossessions, open to whatever he can give the receptive hearer, without realizing that this great spirit is at his most influential when he is talking to us through his art, and not merely delighting us or amazing us by the abstract and pas-

BACH AT CHRISTMAS

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

A N OPPORTUNITY of seeing Christmas through the eyes of that devout, unparagoned genius, Johann Sebastian Bach, is vouchsafed to us this week by Mr. Lynnwood Farnam, the distinguished organist, who is giving at the Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, a series of free organ recitals presenting in twenty programs the entire organ literature of Bach—a stupefying enterprise! This afternoon and to-morrow evening Mr. Farnam will play a program largely devoted to music compelled from Bach by various aspects of the Christmas Festival; and nothing could be more fascinating to the student of that ageless master of beauty than this glimpse that Mr. Farnam offers us into the exhaustless world of Bach's musical imagination.

Especially are we enabled by Mr. Farnam's skilfully chosen program to observe the different ways in which Bach's passion for making his music an instrument of poetic utterance has declared itself in those marvelous tone-poems for the organ that we know generally as chorale-preludes, of which Mr. Farnam has chosen almost a dozen for his program of December 23-24.

245 works—giving this season—Holy Communion, Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street. On every afternoon and Monday evening, Farnam plays organ music by Johann Sebastian in that placid neighborhood, which was once a busy center for department stores and shoppers.



BOGUE-LABERGE CONCERT MGT., INC.
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(Continued from page 48)

train of notes which has not been completed with the caboose. Albert Stoessel's Suite Antique, which was splendidly performed, is wholesome music, soundly built and never commonplace. For an opus that is thirteen years old it stands observation remarkably well. With the Brahms Quintet it was the most compelling item on the program. The ensemble excelled itself interpretatively in the Brahms, and gave authoritative and musicianly reading of one of the most luminous compositions of chamber music literature.

The New York Chamber Music Society has accomplished much this season, and it is to be sincerely congratulated on the finesse with which it has presented music that audiences have little chance to hear. The Sunday salons of next season will be awaited with interest.

H. J.

Rudolph Gruen

RUDOLPH GRUEN, who has played several times before in New York, gave a piano recital in the Town Hall on March 9. Mr. Gruen is a representative pianist of the highest order. His rendering of Cesar Franck's Prelude, Aria, and Finale showed him to be well equipped with the necessary requisites—technic, imagination, range of dynamics, resonant tone and dramatic feeling. He continued with the usual Chopin etudes, the Nocturne in B flat minor and the Scherzo in the same key; and although these works are heard very often, he brought them to life once more. Mousorgsky's "Pictures at an Exposition," "Clouds and the Fountain of the Acqua Paola" by Girffes and Dohanyi's Rhapsody in F sharp minor were also on the list.

J. N.

Jacques Jolas

JACQUES JOLAS, Spanish pianist, gave a recital in the Town Hall Thursday night. He began his program with a Mozart Rondo and simultaneously lifted his audience out of the critical stage into the appreciative one. The "Balletto il Conte Orlando" by Molinari-Rospighi and the Prelude and Fugue in A minor by Bach-Liszt gave Mr. Jolas a chance to display his ability, his technic, his intensity and power. Debussy's "Voiles," "Le Vent dans la Blaine," "La Serenade interrompue," "La Cathedrale engloutie," and "L'Isle joyeuse," he handled with a certain subtlety and imagination. In Cesar Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue, one wondered again at the superbly developed erotic sense of the composer who spent the greater part of his life in a monastery. Mr. Jolas realized the range of this work, but he seemed to enjoy the *forte* passages a bit too much and so overlooked the subtle contrast between the mystic and the passionate, and the many possibilities of gradual changes in dynamics. Works by Ravel were played with the same delicacy and understanding that made the Debussy so enjoyable.

J. N.

Amy Neill String Quartet

THE Amy Neill String Quartet gave a delightful program in Steinway Hall on March 1st. The fine phrasing, the perfect balance, and the rather amazing fire that colored a Mozart Quartet soon held the audience's attention. The Italian Serenade by Hugo Wolf came next with its romantic themes and sunset sentiments. The D flat Major Quartet by Donanyi brought the program to a close.

J. N.

Lester Donahue

VIRTUE may be indeed its own reward, and if so Lester Donahue must be amply rewarded. For such devotion as his to the "tonal-pedal invention" of John Hays Hammond, Jr., is not likely to bring any much more substantial compensation. His recital, that is, takes on the aspect of an exhibition of the Hammond invention, and he must share with whatever honors may accrue. His recent return to New York took place in the Town Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 14.

For the reasons suggested it is perhaps unfair to devote much critical attention to Mr. Donahue's share in the proceedings. Otherwise it would have to be recorded that, at least in one reviewer's opinion, the Hammond invention was not heard, on that occasion, to best advantage.

The invention consists, briefly, in a system of shutters, "tone-reflectors," operating like the swell-box of an organ, one set above and one set below the strings, opened and shut by an extra pedal added to the left of the *una corda* pedal. By their manipulation the tone is prolonged and even increased after its production. In this way the dynamic scope of the piano is considerably increased. That this is an unqualified asset we do not hesitate to assert, nor do we doubt that it will be a matter of very few years before Mr. Hammond's invention becomes at least an optional equipment on the better pianos. To those who fear its abuse and its too frequent use, the answer is clearly that they will be at liberty not to use it. And even for them it may serve the purpose of adjusting their instrument to the acoustic properties of the room in which it is located.

There were those, of course, who "would like to hear what so-and-so would

do with it." We heartily agree: the use that a great artist would make of so substantial an aid could not fail to be of the greatest interest. But it does not seem to us that the Hammond invention need wait for any such vindication. We would have it installed on our own instrument today if Mr. Hammond or the piano company were to feel some sudden and miraculous generosity.

A. M.

Nikolai Orloff

NOTHING could be more characteristic of Nikolai Orloff than the last group on the printed program of his piano recital on Tuesday, March 5, which read: "Serenade de la Poupée," Debussy; Etude in D flat major, Scriabin; Marchen in F minor, Medtner; Variations on a Theme of Paganini, Brahms. There is nothing spectacular, that is to say, in his playing. It moves on serenely and unobtrusively for considerable periods. And then suddenly it is lit up with a flash of such blinding perfection as is revealed only in the art of the greatest. These Paganini Variations (what if they were not absolutely all included?) concluded a program, moreover, containing the Fifth French Suite of Bach, in G major, the "Papillons" of Schumann, the B minor Sonata of Chopin, and various smaller pieces. Mr. Orloff's playing is singularly uneven and, again excepting these flashes of perfection, leaves the impression of a talent not altogether mature. That it is a talent potentially of the first order is certain. Such playing as he did in the Chopin B minor Sonata, or the F major Study, played as an encore, or the D flat Study of Scriabin, is in a domain not approached more than once or twice a season. And on the other side, so ambiguous, so halting a performance as his in the Loure of the Bach Suite or in the F sharp minor Canon of the "Papillons" may be heard three or four times weekly in that same Town Hall in which Mr. Orloff played.

For this reviewer the occasional incandescences are more than sufficient compensation for twice as much mediocrity as he would provide in two such evenings. For at these times he holds his own quite comfortably in the company of that small group of the great pianists who can be counted on the proverbial five fingers.

A. M.

"Madam Butterfly"

"BUTTERFLY," except for one, or perhaps two performances at the beginning of the season, has been ignored at the Metropolitan this year, but came from its retirement on February 28, Mr. Bellezza conducting, with a performance of routined excellence. Maria Mueller, the Butterfly, did the only really inspired singing of the evening; she modulated her voice to the delicacy of the score, and colored her tones admirably to the passing drama.



RALPH LEOPOLD

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"At Town Hall last night, Ralph Leopold, pianist, gave a recital which further marks him as one of the foremost young pianists of the day. For the excellent arrangement and interpretation of his own Paraphrase of the introduction and first scene from the second act of 'Tristan,' he is to be commended. The arrangement itself is a splendid piece of writing and should find its way to the repertoire of many artists."

"Leopold is unique in that he is equally at home in the thunderous tones of Wagner and the delicate and ethereal bits of Debussy, Arensky and the like."

"Leopold is a tone painter. He knows how to sing at the piano and to produce a resonance with a depth, a dynamic blow with a sympathetic sobbing, and yet can make the piano a joyous, articulate thing in the contrasting moments."

—New York Telegraph

"His first number, the Bach-Tausig Toccatto and Fugue in D minor, had wonderful clarity and massive building of tonal climax. From its powerful chords, he changed to the poetic beauty of Chopin's Nocturne in G Major."

—Stevens Point Daily Journal,
Stevens Point, Wis.

"The program was given in three groups, the first including a Bach Toccatto and Fugue as transcribed by Tausig, and two Chopin numbers, a Nocturne and a Scherzo, in the interpretation of which composer he was noble and sympathetic."

—Concordian, Moorehead, Minn.

"In this the pianist's organic training served him to give a real Bach interpretation of dramatic intensity, clarity and elegance with clearly defined polyphony in steady rhythm and varied tone color of exquisite delicacy."

"Leopold combines in his playing a beautiful singing tone, the characteristic which no doubt appeals most to the listeners, bold freedom of style, a perfect understanding, and shows infinite attention to the minutest detail."

—The Kalamazoo Gazette, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"Fully coming up to his reputation as one of the greatest of American pianists, Mr. Leopold presented a varied program, the outstanding feature of which was his presentation of his own adaptation of selections from two Wagner operas. After hearing him play his Wagnerian transcriptions, the listener does not wonder that Leopold is conceded by critics to be the

greatest interpreter on the piano of Wagner's music. Those in his audience last night who really appreciate the best in music have seldom heard anything quite like the way in which he prefaced and then played these two operatic masterpieces."

"The characteristic Bach music was interpreted faultlessly. Mr. Leopold made a most unusual impression here, and it is hoped he may be persuaded to come again some time."

—Albion Evening Recorder, Albion, Mich.

"A finer artist has never been heard here. An artist of singular subtlety and charm, Mr. Leopold gave us an evening of beautiful pianism, balanced and lucid and satisfying. Beginning with the Bach-Tausig Toccatto and Fugue in D minor, in which he built up as noble a conception of organ tone on the piano as one is likely ever to hear, Mr. Leopold finished his first group with two well-known Chopin numbers, the Nocturne in G major, which was exquisitely and lovingly played, and the Scherzo in C sharp minor. Mr. Leopold played his own transcriptions of familiar Wagner numbers, the Love Duet and Brangaene's Warning, from Tristan and Isolde, and the Ride of the Valkyries, from Die Walkure. These two pieces, particularly the latter, have long awaited the hand of a skillful transcriber to make them available for the piano, and Mr. Leopold has done the job with great effectiveness and brilliance. It seemed quite evident last night that Mr. Leopold's version of the Ride of the Valkyries can be placed beside Brassin's famous transcription of the Magic Fire Music, or Liszt's equally well known pianist dishing-up (as Mr. Leopold's friend, Percy Grainger, might say) of Isolde's love-death, which is praise indeed, for these two numbers have been the staple battle-horses of every pianist of the last few generations, as Mr. Leopold's bids fair to be one of the next few."

—Mankato Daily Press, Mankato, Minn.

"In nobility and dramatic force, Mr. Leopold's interpretation could be excelled by few pianists. The breadth of line was not marred by too many deviations from strict tempo, but there was no lack of warmth and emotion. . . . In the Tristan and Isolde transcription the piano became an orchestra, with the various instruments answering each other in a lovely blending of tones. The Ride of the Valkyries, a demonstration of prodigious technique both in writing and in playing, was such a thrilling performance that the audience could hardly be persuaded to leave."

—Valley City Budget, Valley City, N. D.

Mr. Leopold's next New York recital will be on November 20th, 1929

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LOS ANGELES SEES NEW ERA

IS FERTILE SOIL FOR NEW IDEAS ON MUSIC

By Hal Davidson Crain

WHAT with the invasion of Arthur Honegger, Keith Corelli and Imre Weisshaus to proclaim the dawn of a new musical era, and Scott Nearing preaching the doctrines of a new social order, it cannot be said that Los Angeles is not having the seeds of revolution implanted in its fertile soil.

Honegger's initial visit under the auspices of Pro Musica on February 16, was an event of importance to the musical intelligensia. It cannot be said that all who came to scoff remained to praise, for there were many present to whom atonality is yet a red flag which blinds the vision and closes the ears to all that suggests progress. A cursory hearing of such a program as was given by Honegger, his wife, Andree Vaurabourg Honegger, Corbina Wright and the Musart Quartet deepens the conviction that he is less at home in works of smaller calibre than when writing in the larger forms.

Keith Corelli came second in the list of iconoclasts, presenting modern piano music in the Salon of Ultra Modern Art in Hollywood. Mr. Corelli proceeds with the gentle art of music-making with every indication that he thoroughly enjoys it, and his straightforward manner in championing the modernist cause should win a fair hearing for his clangorous wares. The program began with a portrait of "Emerson from Concord" by Charles Ives, whom Mr. Corelli would place on a pedestal beside Bach and others to whom we lightly attribute immortality. Without overlooking a certain austerity, which might or might not be Mr. Ives' interpretation of Emerson's philosophy, a single hearing did not cause one to espouse the creation as great. There were also works by Ruth Crawford, Bernard Wagenaar, Adolph Weiss, Salzedo, Copeland, Sowerby, Whit-horne, Russell Bennett, Dane Rudhyar, Cowell and Marc Blitzstein.

Mr. Weisshaus gave his program in the same quarters on February 25. The Salon, which has become the rendezvous for the modern-minded, was crowded to hear the young Hungarian. Mr. Weisshaus' program was not planned as a repast for weak natures. There were compositions by Kodaly, Bartok, Laszlo Lajtha, Istvan Szabo, Pal Kadosa and the pianist himself. As on other occasions, the musical camp was left in a divided state, some declaring Weisshaus to be a new prophet on the musical horizon and others shuddering at the remembrance of his delineations.

"An Afternoon of Humorous Music" was the title chosen by Georg Schneckvoigt for the Sunday popular concert given by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra on February 24. An overture by Offenbach, Honegger's "Pacific 231," Strauss' "Perpetuum Mobile," Saint-Saens' "Animal Carnival" and shorter numbers by Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Rimsky-Kors-

koff, Liadoff, Nielson and Alfven made up the list. Calire Mellonino and Alex Karbach played the piano parts in Saint-Saens' music.

Alexander Brailowsky and Rudolph Ganz have been piano soloists in symphonic concerts. The former was heard



ARTHUR HONEGGER, OUTSTANDING AMONG VISITORS TO LOS ANGELES.

in an all-Beethoven pair of programs, and the latter in a program which brought the first Los Angeles performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. Serge Rachmaninoff has made his first local appearance in two years, giving a piano recital under the Behymer management.

Reinold Werrenrath gave a song recital under the management of Ruth Cowan, with Nino Herschel at the piano. Arla Calve appeared in a costume program in the Roosevelt Patio, with Raymond McFeeters as her pianist. Rosalie Barker Frye, assisted by Josef Borissoff, violinist, and by Nino Herschel, was heard in the Hollywood Woman's Club.

A concert in the Biltmore on February 22, introduced Lady Armstrong, an English soprano from South Africa, to America. Lady Armstrong has a voice of dramatic proportions, which she uses with frequent discrimination and taste. Her program included a specially composed song about

George Washington. Maria Gerdes was the accompanist.

The Woman's Symphony, conducted by Henry Schoenefeld and assisted by John Parrish, tenor, gave a concert in the Auditorium on February 20, playing Mozart's Symphony in G Minor and numbers by Wagner, Jaernefelt, Schonefeld and Schubert.

The London String Quartet has played in the Los Angeles Library through the courtesy of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, and in Pasadena.

The Tronitz Club sponsored a Biltmore program by John Patton, baritone; In-guald Wicks, violinist, and Philip Tronitz, pianist.

TO EMPLOY "CUT BACK" IN GIVING OPERA

New Orleans is to have the American premiere of "Les Noces d'Or," Maurage's one act opera employing the cut back technique of the photoplay to tell its story, according to Edward Alexander Parsons, president of Le Petit Opera Louisiniais.

Mr. Parsons made this announcement at the second workshop performance of the association, March 9, stating it would be a feature of the main group's activities. The workshop unit presented an act of "Les Noces de Jeannette," with Zelda Huckings and Joseph Hote; the card scene from "Carmen," with Elsa von Gohren Strattman, Alice Sullivan de Laoreal and Cecile Garrity, and the last act of "Faust" with Mable G. Godchaux, Russell Stevenson and Joseph Hote. Ernesto Gargano directed the small orchestra. Ethel Scott McGehee is director of the workshop; Gabrielle Lavedan, assistant director, and Jane Foedor, art director. Settings were by Delgado Trades School.

Among important events have been a concert by Andres Segovia under the auspices of the Philharmonic; a recital by Mme. Sturkow-Ryder through courtesy of Philip Werlein, Ltd., and Florence Austral's song program on March 11, a Philharmonic attraction.

W. S.

PROVIDENCE SOCIETY OPENS SERIES

Jascha Heifetz was engaged for the first concert arranged by the Music Association of Providence, playing to an audience of more than 2,500 in Infantry Hall on March 12. The Music Association was incorporated in February of last year "for the purpose of bringing more and better music to Providence." Officers are: Honorary president, William H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University; president, Mrs. Henry Dexter Sharpe; vice-president, William S. Innis; treasurer, Mrs. William Gammell, Jr.; secretary, Hugh F. MacColl; assistant secretary and manager, Berrick Schloss. The Association's next concert will be given on April 9 by Dusolina Giannini and Alexander Brailowsky.

N. B. P.

OVER THE SEA TO MONDSEE

CELEBRITIES AWAIT AMERICANS AT CONSERVATORY

ANOTHER instance of the European desire to cater to the best interests of American students is seen in the announcement of the Austro-American Conservatory of Music and Fine Arts, which will conduct its first season at Mondsee, near Salzburg. Organized under the endorsement of the Austrian Government and in collaboration with the American Institute of Educational Travel, the conservatory has outlined a six weeks' course of study in conjunction with a like period of travel and sightseeing.

Dr. William Kienzl, composer of *Der Evangelimann* and *Kuhreigen*, is the Austrian honorary president. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has accepted the American honorary presidency.

Sailing from New York on the *Majestic* on June 22, students will visit London, Amsterdam, Bonn, Frankfurt, Eisenach, Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Salzburg before arriving in Mondsee on July 14. On August 26 the party will resume its excursion, visiting Vienna, Innsbruck, Venice, Milan, Lake Geneva and Paris, and returning to New York on the *Olympic* September 17.

Dr. Kienzl will devote his time to the field of composition. Dr. Richard Stoehr, professor in the Vienna National Academy, will also teach in this department.

Paul Weingarten of the Vienna Academy of Music is to head the piano department. He is a pupil of Emil von Sauer, and will be assisted by Kari Aarwold, Bertha Jahn-Beer, formerly one of Leschetizky's assistants, and Katherine Budford Peeples. Miss Peeples is an American artist, having recently returned to America to teach at the University of Redlands.

The department of singing will have



HANS JULLIG, A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY AT MONDSEE.

Theo Lierhammer as one of its leaders. He is the teacher of such artists as Roland Hayes, Maria Riccardi, Georg Hann of the Munich Opera, and Dr. Julius Polzer of the Breslau Opera. Paula Mark-Neusser of the Vienna Conservatory of Music, formerly a member of the Leipzig Opera, will be a member of this depart-



DR. WILHELM KIENZL, AND MARGARETHE KOLBE-JULLIG, HONORARY PRESIDENT AND INSTRUCTOR AT MONDSEE.

ment, in addition to Lotte Bunzel-Weston, coloratura soprano.

Ottakar Sevcik will head the violin department. It was in Salzburg that Sevcik received his first appointment as concertmaster at the age of eighteen, and it is in the same city that he is completing a series of master works on violin technic in fifteen volumes and two supplements. The violin faculty includes the name of Margarethe Kolbe-Jullig who, with her husband, directs a music school in Vienna. Her work at the Austro-American Conservatory will be in the field of chamber music and orchestra practice. The department also lists the names of Hans Jullig, director of orchestra for young people at Hetzendorf, and a pupil of Sevcik.

Cello playing will be taught by Rudolf Mayr, a pupil of Becker and a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and by Gaspar Cassado, pupil of Casals.

Egge Sturm-Skrla will head the department of creative art.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold and Dr. Lothar Wallerstein are to conduct a series of opera performances with students of the Conservatory or with such artists of the National Academy and Conservatory as may be there.

Among the lecturers will be Richard Specht, who turned critic on the advice of Goldmark and Brahms. Alexander Wun-

derer, son of a Vienna opera director, will lecture on orchestral instruments. Other lectures are to be given by Karl Stiegler, horn player.

Rhythmic gymnastics and ballet dancing will be under the direction of Karl Raimund, ballet master of the Vienna Opera, and teacher of Albertina Rasch.

The moving spirits in the establishment of the school are Katherine B. Peeples and Hans Jullig. The American offices, established under the supervision of Miss Peeples, are located in Los Angeles in the offices of the American Institute of Educational Travel.

SOCIETY SINGS BACH

The Bach Cantata Society of Los Angeles, founded last season by Hal Davidson Crain, gave the first in its series of three concerts in Superet Church on Jan. 23. The choir of sixteen sang with zeal and devotion to its high ideal. With a seating capacity of some 400, the little hillside church offers a fitting setting for the proper presentation of Bach's more intimate works. The choir has made great strides since last year, its warm tone quality being infused with a delightful spontaneity. Greater precision and more confidence will enhance its already commendable status. Soloists were Frans Hoffman, bass, and Mrs. Allard De Ridder, soprano. The choir was accompanied at the piano by Lillian Chancer, and by the Los Angeles String Quartet, composed of Albert Angemayer, Raymond Shryock, Allard De Ridder, and Fritz Gaillard.

OHIO GLEE CLUB MAKES 2,000 MILE TOUR

Bluffton College Glee Club of Bluffton, Ohio, recently completed a 2,000 mile tour in three weeks, giving twenty-two concerts in twenty cities in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Indiana. The programs ended with a broadcast over WLS (Prairie Farmer's Station) in Chicago. The thirty singers are under direction of R. A. Lantz.

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HOW GOOD WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

(Continued from page 11)



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young lions of today's press would shake their heads at her tone and pedalling.

Then there was the famous Hans von Bulow. When he gave his series of recitals here in 1889, playing all the major sonatas and variations of Beethoven, teachers and students crowded the auditorium. The performances were magisterial demonstrations of the correct readings of the works and like most demonstrations exceedingly dry. The good Doctor was a supreme analyst, but he dissected in cold blood. He remarked one day that there were three great pianists of whom he was one. And that was a straight saying. D'Albert was one of the others. To-day D'Albert would have a hard time keeping his head above water. I would rather hear one Bachaus than two D'Alberts.

Violinists we have a-plenty. I have been listening to bow operators since as a child I heard Vieuxtemps. All the rest have I heard, Wieniawski, Wilhelmj, Ole Bull (a dazzling juggler, nothing more), Sarasate and on down the line to that wise old child Yehudi Menuhin. We have no greater violinist to-day than the world knew when this observer was a boy, but we have more distinguished virtuosi at one time. There was no former period when the New York concert stage was adorned by such a company of admirable violinists as it now is. It must be admitted that there is no one who can sweep an audience off its feet as Wieniawski did or who seems quite so imperious as Wilhelmj; but in the seventies you could not have heard a Kreisler, an Elman, a Zimbalist, a Heifetz and a Spalding all in one season. They did not grow in clusters like grapes, but one at a time like rare pearls.

I come last to orchestras and conductors and begin by wondering what Theodore Thomas would think if he could return to his world and see what is going on. We used to believe that Thomas was the foremost conductor in the world, and that the Thomas orchestra was the last word in technic, precision, tone, unanimity and all that. Today there are a dozen orchestras in the United States which would put the Thomas organization of the eighties to shame. Orchestral technic has advanced tremendously since those days and the progress must be attributed chiefly to the development of the virtuoso conductor. Mr. Thomas laid the entire country under a debt of gratitude for his cultivation of its musical taste, but in this year of grace he might be called a second rate conductor by many, and his orchestra hardly even second. In fact his last orchestra still exists, the Chicago orchestra, and under Mr. Stock it plays as Thomas probably despaired of hearing an orchestra play.

The Philharmonic of New York, the Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia orchestras, the orchestras of the other cities of the middle west, are institutions inconceiv-

able to the music lover of the eighties. Toscanini would have been regarded as a freak, a superman or a magician. Stokowski, and Koussevitzky would undoubtedly have incited polite music lovers to violent dispute if they had published some of their readings in 1880, but they might have had some difficulty in getting together an orchestra to sing such ungente songs as the "Sacre du Printemps" or Varese's "Ameriques."

I think no older music lover will disagree with me in my belief that the greatest improvement in musical performance has been in the realm of the orchestra and that we have to-day a far larger number of real virtuosi in the ranks of orchestral players than at any previous period in our history. Furthermore orchestras now enjoy the benefit of many more rehearsals. In the good old days of my youth the union rate for an orchestral player was \$10 for a concert and this included one rehearsal. So one rehearsal had to suffice. There were no millionaire backers to pay enormous bills for rehearsals and limitless salaries for conductors. Possibly if Mr. Thomas could have had six rehearsals for a little novelty such as Tchaikovsky's "Hamlet" overture, which he produced in 1891, his men would have played it like a contemporaneous Philharmonic; but they did not.



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THE BETTER RECORDS

(Continued from page 42)

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 Dusk (Schubert).
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 There Do You Go (Schubert).
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 The Nut Tree (Schumann).
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 Tom The Rhymer (Loewe).
 The Spring (Hildach).
 The Moon Over The Hills (Brahms).
 Eleven Songs on Four 12 inch and Two 10 inch Polydor (German) Records. Electrically Recorded.
 Moussorgsky. Boris Godounov. Excerpts. Recorded during the actual performance at The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, July 4th, 1928, Chaliapin as Boris, with the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Vincenzo Bellizzi. Five 12 inch Records. H.M.V. (British).

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Etudes, Op. 10 & 25. (Chopin). Twelve Parts. Wilhelm Bachaus. Victor Album M-43.
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Sonatina in A Major. (Torroba) Courante (Bach). Andres Segovia. Victor 1298.
 Tremolo Study (Tarrega). Fandanguillo (Turina) Andres Segovia. Victor 6767.

HANS MARLOW TO LEAD CHICAGO SINGVEREIN

Hans Marlow of Milwaukee has been chosen director of the Chicago Singverein in succession to the late William Boeppler. Mr. Marlow studied in Germany and sang tenor roles in European opera houses. Engagements in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and New York followed. Mr. Marlow later took up residence in Milwaukee, where he has taught and directed choruses.

ORGANISTS WIN PRIZES

The National Association of Organists announces the successful contestants for prizes of \$300 and \$200 offered by the Skinner Organ Company for organ compositions. These were: First, Zoltan Kurthy of Flushing, Queens; second, Walter Edward Howe of Andover, Mass.



MARGOT DE BLANCK, CUBAN PIANIST, WHOSE FEBRUARY 8 CONCERT HONORED THE PRO ARTE SOCIETY.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY VISITS CUBA

VISITING Cuba for the first time, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has given three concerts in Havana's Auditorium. Two programs were exclusively for members of the Pro Arte Society; the third, arranged as a benefit for the Society, was open to the public. Music conducted by Henri Verbrugghen was by Beethoven, Schubert, de Falla, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky and Weber.

Another concert honoring the Pro Arte Society was that given by Margot de Blanck, one of Cuba's leading pianists, in the Auditorium on February 8. Chopin, Gluck, Saint-Saens, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin and Debussy were composers represented, and Hubert de Blanck's Toccata was a featured number.

Still further benefit accrued to the Pro Arte through one of two violin recitals given by Jascha Heifetz, proceeds on this occasion being donated to the Society's organ fund.

A series of concerts at popular prices has been begun by the Havana Philharmonic Orchestra, playing in the Encanto Theatre under the leadership of Pedro Sanjuan. Soloists at the first were Mr. Williams, harpist of the Minneapolis forces; Elizabeth Letchford, harpist, and Amadeo Roldan, violinist.

NINA BENITZ.

The Orchestra of The Hague has been given by the Dutch Government a State subsidy of 107,000 florins.

America Hears the Angelus

(Continued from page 22)

gavottes, fantasias, sonatas, and minuets.

It seems strange that such a magnificent instrument—one so bound up in romantic associations—was entirely unknown in America until a few years ago. In the minutes of the American Scenic and Historical Preservations Society may be found a resolution dated December 3, 1923, that aptly discusses the case. It says in part: "Carillon concerts are practically unknown in the New World, and being unknown, such music has not attained to recognition on the part of American music lovers." The first real carillon to be established in the United States, in 1922, was cast at the Taylor Foundry at Loughborough, England, the thirty-one bells composing it being installed in the Church of the Lady of Good Fortune at Gloucester, Mass.

At present there are more than thirty carillons in the United States. Morristown, N. J., followed the lead of Gloucester. Cohasset, Mass., soon after boasted an instrument of forty-three bells. Norwood, in the same state, is to have one of forty-eight in a brief time.

The history of the carillon in America is largely the history of production by two English bell-founders—Taylor of Loughborough, and Gillette & Johnston of Croyden. Their instruments have had to be imported here, despite a forty per cent. import duty.

William Gorham Rice, an authority, writes: "American bell founders, I regret to say, have not as yet been willing to attempt to make the several chromatic octaves of attuned large and small bells required in a carillon." Since Mr. Rice wrote the last sentence there has been one foundry in the country, to my knowledge, that has made the attempt of which he speaks. But they have not sold any instruments, and American makers, unless I am entirely mistaken, are still peddling single bells and chimes by the pound.

The largest instrument in the world now hangs in Mr. Bok's bird sanctuary tower at Mountain Lake, Florida. Sixty-one bells comprise the instrument—five full octaves. The smallest bell is of the same pitch as the top C of a piano. Anton Brees, brother of the carillonneur at Antwerp, Belgium, presides over the instrument. At the new Rockefeller Church, at Riverside Drive, New York, will hang a carillon of equal size. On this instrument Kamiel Lefevre of Belgium, will perform. If present plans are carried out this instrument will be supplemented shortly after its hanging, and will then become the largest in existence.

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REHEARSING WITH TOSCANINI

(Continued from page 19)

itates the sound he wants. He has an almost unbelievable understanding of sound. What to another would be merely an interval of a fifth is to him a long-drawn sigh, and he insists the player thereof obtain that effect. When, in the *fortissimo* climax towards the end of the Respighi work, he did not hear a sigh from the cornet, he stopped the whole orchestra.

He works without recess. Rehearsals should start at ten o'clock in the morning and with Toscanini they begin on the very minute. During the next two hours there is not a moment of intermission nor a moment of recess. Nor does the rehearsal stop until the minute of noon, to begin again sharply at two. Those are four hours of strenuous work. At the end of them every player is thoroughly fatigued, and so is Toscanini.

Toscanini knows what perfection in performance should be and is not satisfied until he attains it. In hearing him rehearse the new Respighi work, I saw him go over it minutely from the beginning to the end, working slavishly at every little phrase, at every nuance, at every effect. Once he reached the end, he began to go backwards to the beginning, repeating his former instruction, showing how one part blends into another, explaining how to build up a climax with fastidious delicacy. Every effect of his is merely for the glorification of a monumental whole.

One might imagine that such a disciplinarian, such a hard worker, would be disliked by those whom he dominates, by those whom he works to exhaustion. Far from it! One of the violinists told me he would willingly go to Milan to play under Toscanini for nothing, if the master would

only permit him to do so! One and all, they worship his genius. Two years ago general grieving was aroused because he was ill and could not conduct. But there followed a happy day when the manager announced Toscanini had recovered sufficiently to lead two concerts. At the time of his next scheduled rehearsal, as the men waited for Toscanini to appear, they speculated as to whether the master were fully well again, or if he would be compelled to cancel even these two programs. Suddenly the door opened, and Toscanini, leaning on the manager's arm, entered. For a moment there was complete silence. Then the entire orchestra rose as one man and cheered him.

AND how does Toscanini respond to this lavish affection? How does he react to all the praise that is showered upon him? That was revealed clearly enough at the last rehearsal, two years ago, of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. By means of his penetrating explanations, his marvelous insight into beautiful sounds and his miraculous ingenuity in building climaxes and effects, he had shown the players that the true beauty of the music. The orchestra had just had the thrilling experience of perceiving the greatness of Beethoven's genius as seen through the eyes of another genius. And when Toscanini, with a wave of his hand, indicated that he was satisfied with the rehearsal, the men rose and cheered him for fifteen minutes. In vain Toscanini tried by frantic signals to curb their homage; the cheering continued—a spontaneous, heartfelt demonstration. When it subsided Toscanini begged them not to applaud him thus. With tears in his eyes, he whispered: "You see, gentlemen . . . it isn't me . . . it's Beethoven!"

ARBOS LEADS FORCES IN ST. LOUIS

A fastidious reading of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony was given by Enrique Fernandez Arbos as guest conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the twelfth pair of concerts on February 15 and 16. "First time" numbers were Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso" and Three Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat" by de Falla. Jascha Heifetz was the violin soloist, offering the Brahms concerto.

The "pop" concert the following Sunday brought forward a young American pianist, Tomford Harris, who played Liszt's Concerto in E flat in approved style. The student's program on February 19 was devoted entirely to Spanish and French music.

S. L. C.

GEMS WORTH \$250,000 RETURNED TO WALSKA

Jewels valued at \$250,000 were handed back to Ganna Walska by order of United States Customs officials when she sailed on the Paris March 14. These were the gems impounded when Mme. Walska, arriving from France, refused to pay duty on them on the ground that she was a resident of Paris. They were not, however, placed in her possession until the ship had passed the twelve-mile limit.

Before leaving America, Mme. Walska applied in the Supreme Court for an extension of time in which to answer the suit brought against her by Natalie Warren as administratrix of the estate of her father, Victor Stember, a Russian artist, to recover \$10,000 for a portrait of Mme. painted in 1912 at Petrograd, when she was known as Ann Enhorn.

'THERE ARE NO STICKS'

(Continued from page 23)

From one standpoint it is quite fair to say that the sponsoring organization gets no worse than it deserves if it lets these things ride without protest. For it certainly is the prerogative of local managements to insist upon thorough preparation for dates involving a generous outlay of money, and to file a loud objection when it is lacking.

But one might suppose, too, that the individual artist would have sufficient vanity to want to make the best possible impression,—something that is out of the question unless the essential, even though invisible, intercourse between singer and audience is free of all such impedimenta as mean divided concentration. Of prime importance, especially, is it that the eyes of the artist should belong wholly to the public for the duration of the performance.

It is to be noted that all the examples mentioned were, with one exception, transplantations from the operatic to the recital stage, a shift which, broadly speaking, is proverbially unsatisfactory. But even granting the wide difference which lies between the two branches of vocal art, ought not an operatic practitioner, more than any other, to realize the necessity for memorization, and, moreover, to be able to accomplish it without a fatal strain? It would certainly seem so.

There is undoubtedly fault on both sides. Artists are lax in their standards of professional obligation, and local agencies are culpably indifferent about asserting their right to a full return for money and effort. And until somebody does something about it, a wholly unreasonable and needless situation will persist, and will continue to be a handicap to the important business of developing the interdependent interests of the makers of music and its hearers.

When Andreas Segovia tours England next summer, he will use the "stringhorn," an Atlanta inventor's device for sustaining and enriching the tones of his guitar. This has been evolved by Roger M. Hill, son of the late Dr. Walter Hill, for many years chancellor of the University of Georgia.

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THE CASE OF THE LIBRETTO

(Continued from page 14)

moments of heightened emotion which could be intensified by expressive music. But in just those moments, the dramatic or the emotional action ceased to give the tenor or the sextet time to register emotion. Such opera, as Wagner pointed out, was not music-drama, because it had to stop the drama in order to give the music a chance. Dramatic music expresses not states of feeling, (that is the function of the song) but rather the flow of feeling. The good libretto is the one which puts the drama into the music, rather than into the physical action. It provides drama of a kind which music can enact better than words and action can enact it.

One might trace very neatly the transition from the static to the dramatic libretto in the contrast between "Faust" and "Carmen." The former is a melodrama which has been enacted thousands of times in this country as such, mostly at prices ranging from ten to thirty cents; and one can give no higher (or more judicious) praise to Gounod's music than by saying that its tunes are simply grand. In "Carmen" we have a fine drama; but its excellence as an opera lies in something which was not explicit in the drama but only implicit—that something ecstatic and fluid which made Nietzsche hail it as "Mediterranean." In Carmen the bawd we cannot feel a very sympathetic interest; but in Carmen the incarnation of the sunlight and rhythm of Spain (whether it is realistic or not does not matter)—in the Carmen which the music tells us about,—we feel a human identity (there but for the grace of God go I, says the lady in the diamond horse-shoe, in her own proud subconscious) which the music, and the music alone effectively conveys.

Well, are we all ready to decide what is a good libretto and what isn't? We are not. We shall never be until the last composer has written his last score. For it is the composer who divines and projects what is vital in a good libretto. Can there be a good libretto without any spoken words? Perhaps. Can there be a good libretto with three murders to each act? Maybe. Is there an opera in "Strange Interlude," or in "Broadway," or in "Street Scene?"

I don't know, for the mere reason that I don't happen to be a creative musician. But I know that when librettos derived from these plays, or any other librettos, are sung on the opera stage, if they are good they will say something which the play itself never said and which music alone can say.

HUSBAND OF BRANZELL DIES IN BERLIN

Einar Edwardson, Norwegian artist and caricaturist and husband of Karin Branzell of the Metropolitan Opera, died in Berlin. Mme. Branzell first received word of his illness at the conclusion of her appearance as Waltraute in a special matinee of "Gotterdammerung."

SIBELIUS AND HIS LEGEND

(Continued from page 29)

into something of surging patriotic spirit. One may liken it, in some remote fashion, to the kind of thing that moved Beethoven when he wrote the "Eroica." It is a stirring summary in music of the struggle, oppression, hopes and aspirations of the Finnish people. And its style intimately suits its subject. But the subject of the Third Symphony is something wholly different and a new style had to be found for it. Moreover, both subject and expression were in a sense experimental and the composer's hesitancy is noticeable in the music. But it must not be supposed that either experiment or hesitancy is of the sort that might afflict an untried hand. Sibelius was forty-two years old when he wrote it (he is now sixty-three) and the work is his opus 52. It is, in fact, a winning piece of restrained, at times almost diffident feeling. Especially is this so in its middle movement, a plaintive song that seems to caress, with regretful touch, its own folk character, as though the composer were bidding this old love a saddened farewell. The unpretentious, wistful, little melody is repeated many times and the movement itself seems to end merely because it would be useless to prolong the good-bye.

The whole symphony, indeed, is of the utmost simplicity, but the trouble with it is that this simplicity often verges rather too closely upon the naïf. One gets the impression of a perhaps too deliberate, or at any rate a too complete lack of sophistication—which may very well be one of the supposedly good reasons why the symphony is so seldom played nowadays.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra, and Arturo Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony, a week apart, heaped up a curious miscellany by way of programmes, although the sins of both in this respect ought not, of course, to be pooled and brought home to each. But the day of the programme that had its own unity of purpose looks as though it were about over. Conductors no longer seem to bother about such things, but assemble for one or another of their concerts what now almost invariably appears to be music associated quite on the helter-skelter principle. Mr. Koussevitzky, for example, flanked the Sibelius Third Symphony with a symphony by Frederick the Great of Prussia, a kind of curiosity newly published in Germany, and Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Mr. Toscanini was, if possible, even more diverse, gathering together Wagner's "A Faust Overture," Ernest Schelling's "Impressions of an Artist's Life" (in which Mr. Schelling played the piano), Serge Prokofiev's "Classic" symphony and Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe."

The Great Frederick's symphony (the third of four bearing the royal seal) was interesting inasmuch as it set one thinking of the man of Leuthen as well as of Sans Souci, his dabs into literature and into music, of Voltaire, Bach, Quantz, Graun—all the old stories (how many of them are really true?) calling up their

priceless eighteenth century tableaux: Frederick halting a rehearsal of his little orchestra to read an equerry's note and announcing (with just what inflection?), "Gentlemen, the old Bach has come;" the autocratic Johann Joachim Quantz, who could write 300 flute concerti, could play them as nobody else and could make Frederick play them, also probably as nobody else (think of living in a castle that housed two flute players!); and Karl Heinrich Graun writing thirty-five symphonies—with certainly a few to spare for the King if he needed them.

Yet only the incurable skeptic will believe that Frederick did, for this symphony that Mr. Koussevitzky had the engaging idea of bringing to the attention of New York had certain characteristics that aptly fit one's notions about this high-born composer. In any case, the music didn't sound as though it had been much beholden to Graun, even if, perhaps, it passed through the hands of Quantz (for its middle movement is little more than a duo for flutes, nodding graciously to Gluck whom Frederick, by the way, cordially disliked). As a fact, it is no wild flattery to believe that the symphony is, in the main, Frederick's own, for it is of the type of music with which the eighteenth century simply bulged. However, there was a neatness, a directness and a brevity to Frederick's piece that made it typical with a difference. He furnished each of its three movements with a single idea and when he had done presenting them, he was done; he seemed to know definitely just when he had reached the end of his rope and thereupon he stopped, refusing to tangle himself up in further development, elaboration or repetition, which so often inveigles many less sensible composers.

It is pleasant for once to record that Mr. Koussevitzky was in a specially restrained frame of mind which was excellent for both Frederick the Great's symphony and that of Sibelius. The orchestra played both beautifully.

The Toscanini evening was the maestro in one of his less fortunate adventures as a program-maker, which served to prove conclusively enough that even a great conductor cannot prevent dull music sounding dull. The only matter he had in hand that held real beauty or seemed important was the lovely Ravel ballet piece which, in its orchestral sequence, becomes genuinely a symphonic poem.

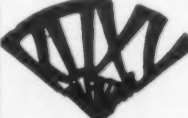
The "Faust" overture is Wagner's lame duck and even so dramatic a presentation as Mr. Toscanini gave it cannot make it anything else. It is patently labored and its only interest is as a study for some of the greater things that came after it. One hears in it important musical ideas in their first states and realizes how trivial they may sound before the touch of genius has actually begun to develop them. "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin" and, most significant of all, "Tristan," have certain aspects whose roots are to be found in the "Faust" overture, but in the latter the roots are still bare.

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PHILADELPHIA HEARS RUSSIANS

SOCIETY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC GIVES PROGRAM

By W. R. Murphy

THE Society for Contemporary Music in Philadelphia, having intermittently sided in introducing modern Russian composers, gave much attention to them at the second meeting of the season, March 8, in the Academy Foyer. Aside from Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," the program was chiefly devoted to living Russians, some enjoying the benison of the Soviet regime, others resident in Paris or New York. Karin Dayas, pianist, and Faina Petrova, a contralto from the Moscow Opera, were performers. Most of the songs were sung for the first time in this country. The list included Anatol Alexandreff's "Into the Kingdom of Wine and Roses;" Vladimir Sherbachev's "I Do Not Remember Today" and "No One Sleeps, No One Remembers;" "The Full Moon Over the Meadow" by Nicholas Miaszkowsky; "Moon" by Leonid Polovinkin, and Samuel Feinberg's "My Friend, My Darling" and "Evocation."

The Curtis Institute Orchestra is rapidly eliminating professional players. One hundred students and sixteen professionals, half of the latter being faculty members, appeared at the concert conducted by Dr. Artur Rodinzy on March 8 in the Academy of Music. The body of tone was excellent in volume and quality, and very few slips marred the general accuracy. In addition, the playing had a natural and likable spontaneity of youth. Tibor de Machula, a cellist in mid-teens, was the soloist.

It took the four companies presenting opera in Philadelphia till the tag-end of the season to display the Sardouesque melodramatics of "Tosca." But the wait was worth while in view of the beautifully sung production of the Pennsylvania Grand Opera Company, March 6, in the Academy of Music. The conjoined talents of Bianca Saroya, Giovanni Benatello and Pasquale Amato brought the realism of the legitimate theatre to the second act, which was horrifically convincing, yet

never overdone. Federico del Cupolo's participation marked his best success as a conductor.

Alexander Smallens, one of the guest conductors of the Philadelphia Orchestra during Leopold Stokowski's midwinter vacation, conducted the sixth concert of the Monday evening cycle in the Academy of Music, giving an individual reading of "Till Eulenspiegel" and a vivid version of the "Petrouchka" suite. He also supplied a capital accompaniment to Albert Spalding's performance of the "Symphonie Espagnole."

Ernest Schelling, who has been pinch-hitting for Mr. Stokowski through the season of the double pairs of children's concerts, wound up the series with an American program, including works by himself, MacDowell, Carpenter and Deems Taylor.

Sylvia Noble paid tribute to MacDowell in an impressive reading of the "Keltic" Sonata in her Witherspoon Hall recital, March 8. She also gave the first performance anywhere of a craftsmanlike Etude in F minor, by Karl McDonald, of the University of Pennsylvania School of Fine Arts, and of his Mexican Rhapsody. Other notable events were Lawrence Tibbett's first Philadelphia recital; and, also in the Penn Athletic Club series, a fine program by Sophie Braslau. The Matinee Musicale Club's program included "Day Dreams," a song cycle by Dr. F. G. Stubbs; numbers by the harp ensemble, directed by Dorothy Baseler; and some coloratura singing by Jenny Kneidler Johnson.

KARL KRAEUTER recently appeared as first violin with a quartet which played "Four Aquatints" by Dr. James Heller of Cincinnati for judges of the Society for the Publication of American Music. These pieces were accepted for publication from among a large number of manuscripts.

STAGE SYMPHONIC MUSIC WITH SOKOLOFF

Two programs of symphonic music, given by a company of dancers and actors under the direction of Irene Lewisohn and in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra, are announced for performance in the Manhattan Opera House, New York, on April 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30. These productions are arranged by the Neighborhood Playhouse, of which Alice and Irene Lewisohn are directors. Nikolai Sokoloff will conduct. Two programs are scheduled. The first is to consist of Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," "The White Peacock" by Griffes, and Enesco's Rumanian Phantasy No. 1. Music for the second list is the following: Ernest Bloch's "Israel" Symphony, the "Nuages" and "Fetes" Nocturnes by Debussy, and Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia" and Dances from "Prince Igor." The first program is announced for the evenings of April 26, 27 and 28; the second for April 29 and 30. All the performances are evening events.

Irene Lewisohn has composed the stage versions and directed the staging from Mr. Sokoloff's interpretation of the music, and has planned the costumes and structure for "Ein Heldenleben." Miss Lewisohn's sketches have been converted into stage drawings by Aline Bernstein, who assisted similarly in the translation of Jo Davidson's sculptured model for "Israel" and Ernest deWeerth's sketches for the Debussy Nocturnes. Mrs. Bernstein has also designed the setting and costumes for "The White Peacock." Esther Peck has made the designs for the Borodin and Enesco folk scenes.

BENHAM WILL CONDUCT COLUMBUS CLASSES

Upon his return in June from a trip to Europe, Victor Benham, pianist, will conduct a class in Columbus. Born in New York, Mr. Benham is remembered by many concert-goers as a prodigy and as a protegee of Theodore Thomas. Visiting Europe in 1886 at the age of twelve, he played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor with the London Philharmonic under the baton of Frederick Cowen. He returned to America in 1892 and concertized in this country for several years, but has spent much time in Europe since 1912. Mr. Benham will tour the United States again next season.

PLAY KELLEY QUINTET

Edgar Stillman Kelley's Piano Quintet in F sharp minor was played by the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music String Quartet, composed of Jean ten Have, Julian de Pulikowski, Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, and Karl Kirksmith, assisted by Marguerite Melville Liszniewska, March 7, in Cincinnati. All are members of the Cincinnati Conservatory Faculty, and Messrs. de Pulikowski and Kirksmith play in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, of which Mr. Bakaleinikoff is assistant conductor. Their program included also the String Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3, by Beethoven.



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(Continued from page 26)

education and pay for it as they pay for the public schools. Under the American system it is an ideal that cannot be realized.

The California Federation of Music Clubs is making a study of musical subsidization and the committee will report at the approaching convention. It may be that this great organization which, in its national aspect, numbers half a million members, will nail the ideal of subsidization to its banner.

In a survey like the present mention should be made of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, of which Ernest Bloch is the director, and the conservatory which Artie Mason Carter wishes to establish in connection with Hollywood Bowl. Who shall cut the Gordian knot of finance? There is the difficulty.

But there is no need for pessimism. The state which has created the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the San Francisco Symphony, the city that witnessed the development of Hollywood Bowl and the community that gives \$100,000 a year out of the taxes for music are living true to their spirited ultramontanism. They too "hear America singing" and they mean that California's voice shall contribute its part in the nation-wide harmony.

GRETE STUCKGOLD MARRIES GUSTAV SCHUTZENDORF

Grete Stuckgold and Gustav Schutzendorf, soprano and baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, were married in the Municipal Building, New York, on March 14 by J. J. McCormick, deputy city clerk. Friedrich Schorr and George Meader, Metropolitan singers, were witnesses; and soon after the ceremony Mr. Schutzendorf took part in a matinee performance of "Gotterdammerung."

Mme. Stuckgold was born in London, the daughter of Jacob Schneidt. She was first married to Jacob Stuckgold, from whom she was divorced in Berlin last April. Mr. Schutzendorf, one of five brothers who sing in opera, was born in Cologne.

EISLER LEAVES OPERA TO JOIN FRIENDS

Paul Eisler is leaving the Metropolitan Opera, with which he has been associated in the capacity of conductor since 1903, to become associate conductor of the Society of the Friends of Music in New York. His last public appearance at the Metropolitan was made when he conducted a recent Sunday night concert. Operas given under his baton have included "Fidelio," "Die Zauberflöte" and "Siegfried." Last year he replaced Artur Bodanzky at two hours' notice in a performance of "Cosi Fan Tutti." Mr. Eisler was also a conductor in the first Lewisohn Stadium series in the summer of 1918.



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RE-NATURIZING THE DANCE

(Continued from page 35)

He descends into the water and disappears. The girl sees him go, and in a frenzy of despair calls to him, but only the echo returns."

First of all, such a picture is a mixup of dramatic plot and musical melodeclamation. Secondly, it is a poor pantomime, and not a choreographic design for a dance. The dancers proved my argument. They twisted an instrumental composition of Debussy into an amateurish pantomime. It was poorly staged and amateurishly "acted," not danced. It seems that our young dancers still fail to distinguish dancing from acting, and take unpardonable liberties with music. Not only bars, but whole phrases of the musical lines and rhythmic images are ignored, misinterpreted or mutilated at the performers' pleasure.

Practically all the rest of the program was performed in a similar manner, to music by de Falla, Brahms and Prokofieff, as well as to jazz and "blues." The numbers were by no means dances, but mis-staged pantomimic sketches. Though the performers were seemingly gifted dancers, having brilliant ideas in making up their program, they had no conception of the phonetic plasticity of a composition, and evidently evolved their arty art in the manner of Greenwich Village studio parties—with an affected flavor of Bohemianism. This was most outspoken in a number called "New Yorker (City Noises and Sounds)."

Much more characteristic of modernism was Hans Wiener, who had staged a number of dance tableaux at the Neighborhood Playhouse with the assistance of Vera Milcinovic, Gertrude Prokosch, Sylvia Gray, Margerita Wencelius and Otto Roman, together with a motion choir of some eighteen girls. As disciples of Rudolph von Laben's "Tanzbuehne" in Berlin, Herr Wiener and Fraulein Milcinovic presented pictures of an ultra-modern German choreographic school, though differing from the individualistic plastic kinetics of Kreutzberg and Georgi.

The two performances Wiener presented in the Neighborhood Playhouse gave a comprehensive picture of the contemporary German art of dancing, an interesting amalgamation of Jacques Dalcroze's Eurythmics, Isadora Duncan's naturalism, Serge Volkonsky's kinetic plastic theories and German *Studentengymnastics*—totally different from the new Russian dance.

The most interesting numbers were those performed by Herr Wiener and Fraulein Milcinovic, either alone or as duets. The ensembles showed a lack of choreographic counterpoint and harmony, probably due to insufficient rehearsing. Certain features of "The Dances of Darkness" were well performed, particularly the movement called "Flight" in which the dancer displayed vivid dynamic allegory. In dancing the familiar Prelude by Rachmaninoff he failed.

The program included "Rapsodie Negre" by Poulenc, "Oriental Dances" by Holland

Robinson, "Spanish Rhythms" to music by Albeniz and Milhaud, "Rouge at Noir" by Holland Robinson, a Waltz by Reger, and "Blues" by Krenek, all of which had an outspoken German flavor—a mixture of the grotesque and an accentuated dramatic pantomime.

The modern German dance is a surprising new development, merely in its elementary phase. It deals little with the emotional aspect of the body plastic, in which the Russians and Spaniards have achieved such marvelous results. Evidently there are two main directions in *deutscher Tanz*: one aiming at geometric agility, the other at dramatic wit and irony. Both are products of the Kantian *Reinen Vernunft*—Pure Reason, formulas of mathematical *rhythmology*. A German dances his or her intellectual wit. The German dance suits men better than women. It is gymnastics, but does not express sex. Even when a German dances sensuous Negro "blues" or jazz he remains more a sportsman than a sex arouser. His rhythm is gymnastic, not romantic. A German woman fascinates a man not with her dance, but with her speech and song. Herr Wiener is clever, but not captivating.

To see Alexander Gavrillov after Hans Wiener was like entering a cabaret after leaving a Turnhalle in Munich or Leipzig. As mediocre as Gavrillov was with his "Ballet Modern" in the Booth Theatre, a week after the performance of Wiener, yet his program exhaled the sensuous odor of amorous suggestions, flirting and seduction. It was Moscow mixed with Montmartre, very different from the displays of a Kreutzberg, Wiener, Georgi, etc. Like Diaghileff, whom he has been trying to imitate, Gavrillov is more an exponent of French decadentism than Slavic romanticism, and that is the cause of his shortcomings. Keeping to the style of Diaghileff, Gavrillov presented a program of hacknayed boudoir pantomimes, more or less familiar to the audience of would-be Bohemians. Though a ballet dancer of reputation, Gavrillov seemingly suffers from the illusion of West European decadentism, and believes that the art of dancing thrives merely between a *Maisonette Russe* and the Opera-Comique.

TEACHERS FORM GROUP

The New York University Class Piano Teachers' Association is the name of a society formed to promote group instruction. Meetings are held every Thursday afternoon in the Music Education Building in Washington Square, and at New York University on Mondays and Wednesdays. A summer course, lasting six weeks, is announced to begin July 1.

Rosa Ponselle will make her last New York appearance of the season when she sings in "Norma" at the Metropolitan Opera on the afternoon of April 12. The performance will be a benefit for the Grand Street Settlement.